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Summary of the News

The submarine "crisis" of last week has apparently diminished, for the time being at any rate, to the proportions of a "scare." The activities of the U-53 seem to have been confined to the sinkings reported in the first ecstasy of destruction, and these, in the view of the Administration, so far as that view can be estimated, appear to have been accomplished within the limits prescribed by a liberal interpretation of cruiser warfare. One matter remains to be cleared up: the captain of the Stephano, according to news reports published in the papers of October 12, has made affidavit that the first warning received by his ship was a solid shot that hit her port bow. Another question that seems to call for elucidation is, of course, whether dependence on warships of the United States to rescue passengers and crews from small boats in the open sea can appropriately be termed providing for their safety.

The text of Mr. Lansing's memorandum, dated August 31, to the Entente Powers, replying to their suggestion that belligerent submarines should be excluded from neutral waters, was made public on October 10. The memorandum denies the validity of the arguments employed by the Entente Powers and warns them that it is the duty of belligerent Powers to distinguish between belligerent and neutral submarines.

The Anglo-French memorandum replying to the American note of May 24 in regard to seizure of neutral mail was received in Washington last week and was published in full in Sunday's papers. The memorandum, which bears date of October 12, contains assurances that the Allied Governments will continue their measures to lessen the annoyances of mail detention and censorship, but in no way concedes the contentions of the United States as to the illegality of the practice adopted. The dilemma is that two established principles are themselves conflicting; on the one hand, neutral mail is held to be inviolable; on the other hand, it is acknowledged that belligerent Powers have the right to inspect mail in search of contraband. A fair point is made in the memorandum when instances are cited in which the German Government, so far from being content to examine and pass on neutral mail, has sent it to the bottom by torpedoing the ship in which it was carried.

The outstanding feature of the military operations of the past week has been the crumpling up of the Rumanian invasion of Transylvania. That this was an imprudent adventure, hastily entered on by Rumania against the advice of her allies, is now pretty generally admitted. The retreat, the beginning of which we recorded last week, has continued along the greater part of the line to the frontier. A strong counter-offensive started by the Rumanians at the end of the week afforded momentary hopes that not only might von Falkenhayn's forces be held off from Rumanian soil, but also that some considerable portion of the invaded territory of Transylvania might be retained; but apparently the Teutonic sweep was too strong. Only on the southern section of the line has a determined stand been made in Transylvania. Along the rest of this front the retreat has carried the Rumanian forces back to their own frontier, where, according to the latest news as we write, the line holds. The rally will have afforded time for the hastening up of Russian reinforcements, and dispatches from London express the expectation that with the aid of these the invasion of Rumania will be stayed. King Ferdinand's despairing appeal to the Allies to avert from Rumania the fate of Belgium and Servia, published in the papers of October 14, was probably a cry for assistance before the hurt became too deep. From the Dobrudja front the news is more favorable. There von Mackensen's forces, doubtless depleted to aid von Falkenhayn's offensive, were thrust back on Monday, according to dispatches from Petrograd, as far as Dobric.

Meanwhile, by offensives on other related fronts, the Allies have done what they can to relieve the pressure on Rumania. A strong Italian offensive, launched last week southeast of Gorizia, on the Carso plateau, and in the Trentino, has been productive of good results, both in positions taken and in prisoners captured. From Salonica, Gen. Sarrail's progress may appear unduly slow, in view of the urgency of Rumania's need, but at Verdun the French high command showed itself patient and not to be hurried into measures prematurely undertaken, and it is possible that the gradual "pocketing" by the British of Seres and the slow progress of the Servians towards Monastir are but preparatory to the big drive that is to come when all is ready. A contemplated Russian offensive in Bukowina, doubtless designed to break through the Carpathian barrier and effect a junction with the Rumanians, appears to have been anticipated by von Falkenhayn, who, aided by his railway system, was able to mass troops near the Rumanian frontier and throw the Russians back across the Negra valley.

On the Somme front, after a week of relative inactivity, during which Berlin took occasion to announce the definite stopping of the Allied offensive, operations were recommenced by the French on Sunday, when they advanced their lines in the Ablaincourt-Belloy sector, taking Genermont as another step in their methodical advance on Péronne, and penetrating to Sailly-Saillisel, northeast of Combles. At the same time, the British pushed forward north of Thiepval.

To a Presidential campaign of exceptional listlessness the only contribution of importance during the past week was Mr. Hughes's clean-cut statement, made at Louisville, Ky., on Thursday, of what he would have done in the President's place in regard to the Lusitania. When the German Embassy's offensive advertisement was published, the candidate said, he would have warned Germany that the fulfilment of its threat would mean the severance of diplomatic relations. On Saturday of last week, at Lincoln, Neb., Mr. Hughes replied to the Democratic contention that the only alternative to the policy followed by the present Administration in its conduct of foreign affairs was war.

As a matter of news, we may record, without attempting to follow the ramifications of the affair or the statements and counterstatements, Mr. Norman Hapgood's contribution to the gayety of the Presidential campaign. On October 10 Mr. Hapgood startled the world with the charge, on the authority of part of a letter from "a Western State Senator," that Mr. Hughes's speech at Philadelphia on the preceding day was written under the auspices of Mr. Victor Ridder, of the New York *Staats-Zeitung*. The succeeding controversy, which hardly seemed to sustain the accuracy of Mr. Hapgood's impressions, may be followed at leisure in the newspapers of the past week.

The epidemic of strikes in the East has continued. New York's milk strike was peaceably settled at the end of last week by acquiescence of the distributing companies in the demands of the dairymen. Rioting at Bayonne, N. J., in connection with the strike of employees of the Standard Oil Company, was only quelled by the severest police measures, and only after three persons had been killed and many injured.

In the House of Commons on October 11 Mr. Asquith moved a vote of credit for £300,000,000. Speaking on the motion, he declared, apparently with the overwhelming approval of the House, against any "precarious and dishonoring compromise masquerading under the name of peace."

Discussion of the submarine question in the Reichstag was frustrated by the decision of the Budget Committee, despite admitted disagreement in its own ranks, that the matter should not be allowed to come up in open session. An interesting contribution to the debate at the opening of the Reichstag on October 11 was the Socialist Herr Scheidemann's speech, in which he declared roundly that the nation wanted peace and was agreeable to the evacuation of Belgium.

Professor Lambros, the latest Greek Premier, succeeded last week in forming his Cabinet, and dispatches of Sunday's date declared that the new Government had offered to the Allies participation by Greece in the war in terms identical with those used by the Government of M. Kalogeropoulos. Meanwhile, the precautionary measure of disarming the Greek fleet was taken by the Allies on October 11, and control of the police was assumed by them two days later. M. Venizelos, in the name of the Provisional Government, issued a call to arms on the Allied side on October 12. The Provisional Government in Crete received official recognition from the Entente Powers on Monday. The opening of the Greek Chamber, which was to have taken place last Saturday, has been postponed for a month.

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The Week

Mr. Roosevelt's speech at Wilkes-Barre on Saturday on the Eight-Hour law was very telling on the merits of that question. In the vigor and emphasis with which he dwelt upon the mischief of rushing through a bill of great importance without inquiry or adequate debate and virtually under duress, he surpassed anything said on that subject by Mr. Hughes—whose name, by the way, Mr. Roosevelt forgot to mention. If the Colonel had stopped with his main argument, his address would scarcely be open to criticism. But, of course, he could not let it go at that. He felt compelled to add a good deal of abuse of the President, and insinuation against him. And he had also to explain at wearisome length how infallibly right he himself had always been in dealing with labor troubles. Moreover, in his direct appeal to labor unions, there is an inevitable air of saying to them: "Don't forget that Codlin's the friend, not Short." And the Colonel put in one sentence which must have brought an incredulous smile to the faces of his hearers. He declared that if President Wilson had insisted upon arbitration, and threatened to use all his power to keep traffic going, "I would have applauded him and supported him." Persons expert in Curb betting inform us that the odds against that would be at least 1,000 to 1.

The good stuff in Mr. Hughes came out triumphantly at Louisville. He would not run away from a fair question. He gave it a square answer. With more vigor and with more effect than have marked any of his previous utterances about the sinking of the Lusitania, he gave his audience an idea of what he really thinks of that crime, and what steps he would have taken, if he had been President, to prevent it. The whole deliverance was made man-fashion, and in the spirit which Mr. Hughes's friends had hoped that he would display more often in this campaign. And the reception of his straight talk by his hearers was such as to show that they knew manliness when they saw it. The Republican managers ought to hire that Kentucky heckler to go along on Mr. Hughes's train and draw from the candidate other utterances as downright as that of last Thursday. Perhaps in time he might be got to echo President Wilson in declaring that he neither courted the favor nor feared the displeasure of any foreign-born group in this country who forgot their American allegiance. Mr. Hughes, we may add, could do this with perfect safety. He could not now alienate the bitter extremists among the German-Americans, even if he tried to. They have only one motive—to punish Wilson—and they would vote for Gen. Brussiloff or Gen. Haig, if necessary, in order to do it.

We don't think the public will take much interest in the row between Norman Hapgood and Victor Ridder. The statements on either hand are not edifying. When it comes down to a petty wrangle, with accusations of lying shot back and forth, over the question which set of politicians angled hardest for the German vote, outsiders can do little more than express their incredulity and disgust. It is a mess which should never have been stirred up. But behind all the personalities, and the charges and countercharges, there stands one ugly fact, disclosed afresh by this squabble, in which the public is bound to take a keen interest. And this is the fact that there is an attempt to solidify German-Americans in the coming election, and have their vote cast in blind anger against the President of the United States. This is the really sinister aspect of the case; and none of the quarrelling about who began it or who sought to get political advantage out of it can alter the bad impression which has been made and which is deepening every day. And we believe that the more the leaders of the German-Americans brandish their anti-Wilson votes, as if they were so many knives, the greater will be the likelihod that enough resentful Americans will be found more than to offset at the polls the vengeful group.

There is no mistaking the depth of feeling in the attack of John M. Parker, Progressive candidate for Vice-President, upon that party's founder and former leader. Nor will the most completely reconciled Progressive-Republicans deny that he speaks the mind of not a few of the come-outers of 1912 who thought they had enlisted for a war and not for a single campaign. The speech is all the more forcible for its lack of vituperation, especially as it is cruelty itself in its use of the deadly parallel between what the Colonel and Perkins said repeatedly and what they did last June. Mr. Parker is under no delusions as to who did the deserting that disrupted the Colonel's Own Corps, and he is equally clear upon the course to be taken by those still following the colors. Where there is a Progressive party ticket, let the men and women who retain their convictions on the party's principles vote for it, regardless of their chances of success. For President, let them vote for their principles and at the same time express their indignation at their betrayal by marking the ballot for Wilson. Both the strength and the weakness of Mr. Parker's position consist in the fact that he talks and acts like a Progressive of 1912.

Defeated for nomination in his own party, ex-Gov. Blease, of South Carolina, proposes to follow the course taken under similar circumstances by other distinguished Americans, including Hearst, Sulzer, and the Colonel, and form a little party of his own. His friends have called a convention for the 24th. The name of the new party, or faction, as some South Carolina newspapers disrespectfully term it, has not been selected, but none is necessary. "Bleasites" is already a familiar word outside the State of its origin, as well as within it. Let us have the Bleasite party. That would have the advantage of candor over the names usually chosen for personal parties, such as the American party, and would at the same time require no definition. The platform might be a brief phrase, "Just Blease." But it would be cruel to confine the smallest party to so short a statement of what it is after. Blease has issued several platforms, the latest one, under date of February 22, containing a lot of demands with most of which almost every citizen of South Carolina agrees. This deepens the mystery of six defeats for the advocate of these demands, to two victories. It looks as if there must be something about Blease himself which is not altogether engaging.

Massachusetts Republicans have defeated a woman-suffrage plank, despite the declaration in the national platform favoring "the extension of the suffrage to women." But the debate on the proposal is more interesting than the action taken. The sponsor for the plank pointed out that there are 4,000,000 voters wondering which party they shall stand with in the future. "We want their support when the time comes—and it's as sure to come as the sun is to rise—we want their support with the Republican party," he told the Convention. He was answered by Congressman Welsh, who reminded him that last year, on the referendum, there were 458,000 votes on the question of granting the suffrage to women, and 465,000 votes on the leading candidates for Governor, and that, in this evidently full expression of opinion, suffrage was defeated by 133,000. There seems to be no doubt that when the people of Massachusetts show that they wish to

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give the ballot to women, the Republicans will be found standing firmly upon a plank in which the right to it is uncompromisingly asserted.

The way to non-partisan election of judges is hard. Chicago voters will be unable to vote blindly for Municipal Court judges by merely making a mark to indicate whether they prefer Wilson or Hughes. They will have to make a mark on a separate ballot if they wish to vote for judges. But as that ballot also is arranged in party columns, the step away from partisanship is not a very long one. Still, it is not the length of the step, but its direction, that counts in these things, and the politicians showed how they regarded the innovation by attacking it promptly and energetically in the Illinois Supreme Court. The Court refused to hear the plea—it is suggested that the reason was that the time before election was too short for a full examination of the issues involved. The Legislature will only be proceeding logically if at its next session it finishes the job it has begun by doing away with the party column on judicial ballots. Chicago, like New York, has relied upon the makeshift device of bi-partisan tickets for the election of judges, but this year the arrangement fell through in both cities.

In a recent bulletin of the Department of Health of New York is a statistical item of special interest. It is that which tells of the low rate of infant mortality in New York city during the first thirty-seven weeks of this year—ending September 23—in spite of the epidemic of poliomyelitis. The total number of deaths of children under one year of age was less by 942 than in the corresponding period of last year; and even in the most active period of the epidemic, the fourteen weeks from June 24 to September 23, the deaths of babies were fewer by 385 than in the like portion of 1915. The explanation of so remarkable a result which is suggested by the Department is that the decrease "would seem to show better care given to babies in general, on account of the anxiety of mothers because of the poliomyelitis epidemic." It is not often that a dark cloud has a silver lining of so substantial a character; but there is no reason that we know of why the extra care given to babies should not account for the result, at least in large part. The reduction of infant mortality which has been going on at so remarkable a rate in New York for many years has been brought about by many causes, but by no means the least of these has been the patient and energetic work of those who have been spreading among the mothers in the poorer and more ignorant classes knowledge of how their children can be protected against sickness. What these guides have been imparting by express instruction, the presence of a disease which all persons have been told is promoted by negligence and dirt must have impressed with tremendous force.

The latest reminder of how great a duty rests on this country in the relief of suffering in Europe is contained in a cable dispatch to the New York *Times* telling of the injury that impends upon 1,500,000 children of school age in Belgium and the subjugated portion of northern France who are suffering from inadequate nutrition. As the case is put by Mr. George Barr Baker, of New York, a member of the Commission for Relief in Belgium, who is conferring with committees at Rome on the subject, "the question is either to have a generation of partially deficient citizens or for America to come forward with immediate and steady help." It cannot be too often stated that, generous as many individuals have been, and incalculable as has been the good done by the men and women who have been giving their personal services, our aid has not come anywhere near either the needs of this time of unparalleled calamity or the potentialities of our overflowing abundance. And we shall never come up to what our duty and our opportunity alike direct until there has been somehow organized a systematic collection of funds. There are thousands of Americans who have been prosperous beyond all expectation and who would be glad to give in generous measure out of their superfluity if their duty and opportunity were effectively brought home to them, but who will not give until it is made plain that there is a clear prospect of accomplishing a grand result by well-concerted action. What is needed above all is a strong and energetic organization directed towards the raising of money from those in a position to give large sums.

Lord Bryce is not the man to permit his protest against an economic war after the war of arms to be confused with a plea for an inconclusive peace. Replying to the attacks which have been made against his warning speech, he points out that in that speech he had taken care to say that the subject of policy after the war could not be expected to attract much interest at this time, because the attention of the public is "naturally concentrated, first and foremost, upon winning a complete and final victory in the present war." For peace based on a stalemate or an inconclusive victory, Bryce has no more tolerance than have the fomenters of a policy calculated to perpetuate hate and discord. But what he sees, and what we may be sure millions of Englishmen will be made to see in due time, is that for the victory to be really complete it is essential that what has been gained by unfaltering determination in the conduct of the war shall not be lost by a short-sighted indulgence in the satisfaction either of hate or of greed in the terms of peace or in the nation's policy after the war. Between those "who preach the doctrine of trade wars to follow the war of arms, and unending national hatreds," and those who desire that victory shall not only be complete in the field but shall secure enduring peace and not one which will "sow the seeds of future wars," says Lord Bryce, the common-sense of the country will judge. A few leaders of opinion, arousing the intelligence and the virtue of the country to a sense of the appalling evil that may be invited by a false public policy after the war, may do a service such as it is rarely given to wise and far-sighted patriots to render to their country and to the world.

The dispute over the holding up of neutral mails, though not one of the most important, is one of the most vexatious and difficult, that the war has presented to our country. What answer our Government will make to the long memorandum on the subject now handed to Secretary Lansing by the British Ambassador on behalf of his own and the French Government, or when that answer will be made, it is impossible to say. The difficulty in the case, as in so many other issues of the kind, is that elements are involved which are almost irreconcilable. The right to search for matter which, if transmitted to the enemy, would assist him in the prosecution of the war is, in a general way, admitted all round; the limits to the steps which it is permissible to take in asserting that right are, on the other hand, extremely indefinite and may be the source of endless controversy. The belligerents wish to stretch those limits to the utmost; the United States, in the interest of neutral rights, seeks to keep them within the bounds set by unchallenged precedent. The most that can be said for the progress thus far made in the correspondence is that it has narrowed the subjects of dispute down to a pretty definite area—the question of what treatment shall be accorded to first-class mail carried on neutral ships and marked

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for a neutral destination, and the question of the contraband or non-contraband character of postal money-order lists—these latter being declared in the Anglo-French note to be virtual transmittals of money, while our own Government asserts that they are merely ordinary letters.

The opinion is more or less current in Washington circles that part of the destroyer flotilla which has been sent out from Newport has been assigned to the duty of keeping near the White Star liner Adriatic, so as to render assistance to her passengers in the event of an attack. If this be true, it opens up a most serious prospect in relation to our policy on the issue of submarine "cruiser warfare." So long as United States ships of war rescued passengers and crews set adrift in open boats near our own shores, the view might be held that the lives of non-combatants had not been put into serious jeopardy by the submarine's proceedings, and that in doing their work of humanity our naval commanders were merely making assurance of safety more complete. In mid-ocean nothing of the kind can be said. If a German submarine destroys a merchant ship far out in the Atlantic, deliberately counting on the performance by the United States navy of a duty which imperatively falls upon the submarine under the requirements of international law, a duty in default of ability to perform which the submarine's act of destruction becomes a manifest crime, then our standing by to help becomes an explicit act of assistance to Germany in the destruction of our own legitimate commerce with the Allies. The problem presented by this aspect of the situation—even if the conjecture about the Adriatic is altogether without warrant—is one that demands the instant and energetic attention of the Administration.

"Dismissed" was the word employed in the German official announcement of the retirement of von Falkenhayn from the post of Chief of the Great General Staff. The qualifying announcement that the late Chief of Staff had been detailed for duty elsewhere did not, to some observers, atone for the brutality of the original formula. Now it appears that von Falkenhayn's duty elsewhere was the very important duty of clearing the Rumanians out of Transylvania to be followed, no doubt, by an invasion of Rumania. To that end the two chief engineers of the Russian *débâcle* of 1915 are coöperating, von Falkenhayn from the Carpathians and von Mackensen from south of the Danube. The former received the opportunity to atone in the field for errors of judgment with regard to Verdun, and is making full use of his chance. The mystery of the word "dismissed" remains, but the incident does illustrate the discipline that prevails in the German military system from the bottom up. In England, Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien has gone into virtual retirement, and Gen. French has received the rather nominal post of commander of the home forces. But the Kaiser may remove his generals and yet make use of them where he can find employment for them. Personal susceptibilities are not allowed to count.

Another of Germany's organizers of victory is no longer at his post. This is Dr. Walther von Rathenau, who was in charge of the industrial mobilization of German resources, and whom the enthusiastic foreign correspondent was inclined to endow with miracle-working powers. Under Rathenau's magic wand the synthetic rubber tree burst into sudden bloom and from his silk hat he drew substitutes for cotton and nitrogen and copper at the order of the War Office. Yet the Deutschland did not disdain to carry back rubber and copper in her limited cargo. We have no facts to account for Rathenau's leaving his post; personal reasons may explain it. The one improbable reason is that he had so well done his work that there was no need of his services for the rest of the war. The magic of Rathenau was the magic of hard work and special training, and of that kind of miracle worker the Kaiser has unlimited resources at his disposal, in every field.

Plainly, the announcement put forth some time ago by the Associated Press of King Constantine's decision to enter the war on the side of the Allies was premature. The seizure of part of the Greek fleet by the Allies, and the demand for the dismantling of the coast defences, show how lively is Allied distrust of Constantine's intentions. High-handed the procedure unquestionably is, but it is in line with the collapse of national Greek authority which has been long a fact. With Germany making peaceful prisoners of Greek troops, the Allies taking over Greek ships, and half the country in revolt under Venizelos, the dictates of international propriety have long gone by the board. There is, however, this important consideration in favor of the Allies: that popular Greek sentiment, as expressed by Venizelos, is with them, as it has been from the beginning.

The contract between the Chinese Government and American interests for the building of more than 1,000 miles of railway is the second large scheme of railway extension entered upon during the present year in China, after a two years' suspension of activity brought about by the war. There are now 6,467 miles of railway in operation, with 2,300 miles under construction, though "construction" has made very little progress in the last two years. Altogether, the Government's railway programme calls for 14,500 miles of railway, of which 6,000 miles will be begun when the state of the international money market permits. Concessions have been distributed among all the Powers. Since 1913 contracts provide for nearly 2,000 miles of railway under French supervision, 2,100 miles under British supervision, several hundred miles in Shantung under German supervision, a Japanese extension of 52 miles in southern Manchuria, and 660 miles of Russian lines in northern Manchuria. The last contract was signed in March. The balance sheet for the Chinese Government railways in 1915 showed a profit of more than $8,000,000 on receipts of a little more than $56,000,000.

The danger from Japan, under Count Terauchi, as the New York *Sun* sees it, will come in connection with Japanese rights in California. And how is this shown? By the fact that Count Terauchi "is no doubt sincere in his statement that he will not depart from the policy of his predecessor. In reality it was not the policy of Count Okuma, but the demand for its effective execution, that was the chief cause of the political differences in Japan." But what was this policy of Count Okuma? California? Not at all. Under Count Okuma there have been no controversies over California's anti-alien laws. The Japanese Government has carried out the gentlemen's agreement to keep emigrants out of the United States, and this country has been satisfied. Criticism against Okuma in Japan has been directed towards his Chinese policies. The opposition at Tokio is disgruntled with Japan's supposed backdown in her demands on the Chinese Government. A more vigorous policy has been asked for in southern Manchuria and Mongolia. If Count Terauchi has been put in to do effectively what Okuma did ineffectively, his interests must be directed to China, and not across the Pacific to California. Even if Okuma had been concerned with the American problem, Terauchi's advent would have meant a change. He is identified completely with Japanese expansionist plans in Asia.

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THE DISAPPOINTING CANDIDATE.

Mr. Hughes is just rounding out another speaking tour. The nature of his campaign may now be regarded as fixed. He can hardly make an essential change in it before election. Indeed, there is no reason to think that he supposes any change desirable. He acts like a man proceeding on a predetermined plan; and he is not one lightly to abandon a settled purpose. It is known that complaints and even protests have been made to him. Reports of dissatisfaction with his course have been laid before him. But in strong self-sufficiency he has brushed them all aside. He is entirely content to pursue the line he has been following. There is no likelihood that anything will cause him to swerve from it before November 7. Isolated flashes of fire may come from him more frequently; but the main tenor of his speaking will doubtless remain what it has been. We need wait no longer to pass judgment on the character and effect of his campaign for the Presidency.

That it has been a woful disappointment to his friends and admirers, there can be no manner of doubt. The evidence leaps into one's face. On all sides you discover the depression which Mr. Hughes's speeches have caused. On every side dejected Hughes men are to be encountered. They are going to vote for him, most of them, but they will do it without a particle of enthusiasm. They have not been stirred or thrilled. More than that, their intellectual expectation and craving have not been met. They looked up eagerly, but they have not been fed. This fact is universally admitted. People have left off discussing it. The thing that interests them is the explanation of the fact, if anybody can produce it. How has it happened that the man from whom so much was expected by his friends, and feared by his foes, has left behind him a trail of thickening disappointment?

No one could in advance have believed it possible. In the presence of the fact, now undeniable, people are bewildered. They feel that the incredible has taken place. *Nisi imperâsset*—if Mr. Hughes had *not* left the bench to run for the Presidency, everybody would be saying what a remarkable campaign he would have made! What has become of his old quality to which New York rose? The question has an importance that outstrips partisan politics. It is a public loss that we have suffered. It is as if one of our most assured national assets had melted away under our eyes. The failure of Hughes is, indeed, something like a calamity. We feel intellectually poorer. It is as if props had been knocked from under us. In no one can this feeling of surprise and almost dismay be stronger than in the *Nation*. It is not necessary to say what hopes we pinned to Mr. Hughes. If others are cast down by the result, we are more so. All that is left is sorrowfully to speculate about the causes of the great disappointment.

Some hold that Mr. Hughes has been hampered by bad advice; has been dictated to by timid and narrow party managers. It was said of Gen. Taylor, in 1848, that he was "in the hands of his Committee." We cannot believe this of Mr. Hughes. Whatever the theory he has gone upon, it is one which he had the chief part in framing, and which satisfied his own mind. If he was misled by anything, it must have been his own judgment of what the party situation demanded of him. In the first place, there was the need of bringing about Republican harmony. Past differences must be glided over. The common stock of ideas must be emphasized, if there was any hope of inducing Progressives and Republicans to "embrace in a discrepant unity." But that common stock of ideas turns out to be a very commonplace lot. It is Republicanism of the most routine and humdrum order that Mr. Hughes has made the staple of his speeches, so far as they have been at all constructive and forward-looking. A strong and efficient Government; a stiff dose of protection; a keen sense of the importance of business. That is about all. But that is the kind of Republicanism in which Mr. Hughes was bred, and it is not so strange that it comes out now. He has in his heart the sincere belief that the Republican party is the only one fit to rule.

If that is so, then the Democratic party *must* be unfit; and, after a period of Democratic rule, the people *must* be dissatisfied. This appears to have been the second thesis with which Mr. Hughes set out on his campaign. He took the deep discontent of Americans for granted, and sallied forth to show what good reason they had for it. Hence the incessant and acrid nature of his attacks upon the Democratic Administration. Nothing was too small for him to notice; even a minor slip might be the badly drawn clause that vitiated the contract. But keeping this kind of thing up for two months has necessarily given Mr. Hughes the air of a chronic and petty fault-finder. Carlyle's question might be put to him: "Hast thou only a torch to destroy? Hast thou no hammer with which to build?" Mr. Hughes has a hammer, but he uses it only to "knock" every Democratic act or failure to act. Even his prompt and bold attack on the passage of the Eight-Hour law has managed to lose itself in his general scolding. The sure consequence has been to weary the country. People can't forever be harking back to past blunders. They want to hear something of future efforts. And in the whole matter of passionate appeal, as of a man with high vision of what is to be, Mr. Hughes has come painfully short. He has been shooting squirts of vitriol at the Democratic Administration. He has not freely poured out wine for those whom he invites to sit at his table.

Whatever may be the true reading of the riddle of Hughes in this campaign, the effect of his course is known of all men. He may have offended nobody, but he has won nobody. He has left the country cold. Thousands who were ready to be drawn to him, are left halting between two opinions. Most of the votes cast for him will be without zeal or vivid anticipation. The whole is an extraordinary thing, quite unforeseeable. The campaign in general cannot be said to have been stimulating; Mr. Hughes's part in it has been a positive depressant.

ONE AND INDIVISIBLE ON THE TARIFF.

Mr. Hughes took notice, in his speech in Philadelphia, of President Wilson's assertion that the supporters of Hughes are of radically different political opinions. On the face of things, this charge has much to warrant it. The union between the Republican party and the Progressive party is mechanical, not chemical. So far as either is true to its inner nature and its former professions, it cannot blend with the other. It would be absurd to suppose that Roosevelt and Taft—or, better, Roosevelt and Penrose—are now two souls with but a single thought—unless that thought be anything to beat Wilson. The Old Guard may sit alongside the radicals at public meetings, but at heart the two are miles asunder. For campaign purposes, all sorts of heterogeneous people are working together to elect Hughes, but they are doing it with no liking for one another, with few ideas in common, and without any zeal or joy in their temporary union. So it looks, and so Mr. Wilson declared the fact to be. But Mr. Hughes denies it. He undertakes to point out the bond of unity which unites his followers, and affirms that, however they may differ in other matters, they are "all agreed

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that American industries should be protected."

This may "go" in Philadelphia. There the tariff is still a word of might and magic. It serves as a cloak for all kinds of municipal rascalities. But elsewhere people will demur to what Mr. Hughes says on this point. They will desire to know, in the first place, what he means by protecting American industries. And if he means simply a brute reversion to the McKinley and Dingley and Payne-Aldrich tariffs, with their methods of political bargain and sale, the next question put to Mr. Hughes will be if he does not know that this kind of tariff-making, far from binding the Republican party together, in fact tore it apart.

The historic truth is that the beginnings of the great Republican split of 1912 go back to the tariff legislation of 1909. That was not the sole cause. But it was the great occasion for the display of the irreconcilable tendencies which were dividing the party. The dissenters were first called "insurgents." But they were really the first of the Progressives, and the thing on which they made their fight was a tariff conceived and enacted in the interest of a class. Those Republican Senators who stood out to the last against their party on this issue—Dolliver, Cummins, La Follette, and the others—were really the begetters of the true Progressive party. And they are still witnesses to the truth that a selfish high tariff is as a sword thrust into the vitals of the Republican party. There was great courage in that original Progressivism. The name had not then been seized upon to conceal mad personal ambitions, or made the rallying-cry for all sorts of disgruntled and scheming men. Those Progressives before the Progressives took their political lives in their hands, all for the sake of letting the American people know what was going on, and all for the purpose of establishing the principle that, as Senator Dolliver said, another log-rolled and swinish tariff should never get the assent of both houses of Congress.

Thus when Mr. Hughes remarks so easily that all who intend to vote for him are fused in a common belief in stiff protection, he ignores what has happened in the past seven years. If there is one thing upon which his supporters are *not* agreed it is this very matter of the old-style Republican tariff. And the worst of it is that all of Mr. Hughes's references to protection have been of the most narrow and undiscriminating kind. He appears to have absorbed the prehistoric and unthinking doctrine in his youth, and never to have looked into it since. At any rate, it now oozes from him in an innocent sort of way that is really alarming. He passes through a factory town in Maine, and asks how any good American can look upon such a scene of industry and consent for an instant to allow its product to be brought into competition with European goods. The brand of protection he believes in, so far as one can gather from his speeches, is what most students of the subject, including many tariff-men, had come to think of as obsolete in this country. And if there is agreement among supporters of Hughes on any form of tariff policy, it is certain that there is the sharpest division over the species of raw protection of which he throws out chunks from time to time.

Mr. Hughes ought not to be so anxious to effect union in his party, on whatever basis, as to forget the need of attracting independent voters. There will be more of them than ever, this year, and a campaign which leaves them cold, or actually repels them, is a confessed failure. Nothing could be more maladroit or hopeless than to bid for independent support while exalting the kind of tariff that has become a stench in the nostrils. An unblinking high protectionist might be voted for by independents if they thought he was indispensable in a national crisis. In that spirit, they supported McKinley in 1896. But Mr. Hughes, who set out to show that a great "exigency" confronted the country, has not succeeded in doing that—or convincing the people that he is the man to deal with it if it exists—and has uttered a lot of drivel about the tariff.

CONCERNING OUR DEALINGS WITH WEAK NATIONS.

It was reported that Mr. Hughes would assail Mr. Wilson's conduct of affairs in Nicaragua. Perhaps he found that he could not with Republican consistency. But a critic might be tempted to do so who read that at the election just held in Nicaragua the candidate favored by the State Department at Washington was elected by a small number, the other voters absenting themselves from the polls as a protest against American domination. It is a bit startling to learn that the presence of American warships, sent "to insure order during the elections," was regarded by the natives as a direct interference in their choice of an Executive. And it was under the Administration of a President of the United States who had loudly declared that "the people of small and weak states have the right to be dealt with exactly as the people of big and powerful states would be." It was on this ground that he justified his refusal to interfere by force in Mexico.

Just what is the situation in Nicaragua to-day, it is almost impossible to say. The New York bankers interested in rehabilitating the country insist that our policy has been just and generous and free from undue meddling. But nobody denies that the present Nicaraguan Government, and the incoming one, are upheld by American marines. Thus it appears that we are doing in Nicaragua and Haiti and Santo Domingo the very thing that the President has said we should not do. His principles in these matters are of the best; his practice strangely contradicts them. One must think so when one is told that Admiral Caperton's vessels are in Nicaraguan waters to land more marines "the instant that there is a sign of a revolution," and learns from Washington that, owing to recent events, such as the ratification of our $3,000,000 treaty with that country, "it has become of the utmost importance to the United States to have a friendly Government in Nicaragua." This dispatch alone would seem to justify the Nicaraguans in believing that the United States Government intended to elect the new President, Chamorro, willy-nilly.

In Santo Domingo, President Wilson's course has been even more surprising. No Americans had been injured there, and no American property had been interfered with. Yet, without authority from Congress, Mr. Wilson interfered, and the country is now controlled by our troops. The Santo Domingans may well say that their expectation of being "dealt with exactly as the people of big and powerful states would be" has been pretty thoroughly frustrated. It is certain that the President would not have proceeded similarly in the case of any "big and powerful" nation. The same is true of Haiti, which has been induced to sign a treaty with the United States that deprives it of its sovereignty for a period of ten years. Many of its citizens protest; but they are told that nothing else was possible; that they had allowed anarchy to prevail, and that if we had not intervened, France or England would have done so.

The Nicaraguan mess Mr. Wilson inherited from his Republican predecessor. In Santo Domingo the first step was taken by President Roosevelt. Mr. Hughes cannot quarrel successfully with the policy. It is only as to its execution that he may find fault, and with Mr. Wilson's failure to make his words square with his deeds. It is the

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Republicans who have been the Imperialists and have stood for interfering in the affairs of our neighbors of the Caribbean. Far more members of that party than of the Democratic have been urging that we should "carry the flag to Cape Horn." More than that, mere disputing over the way in which Mr. Wilson has done a wrongful thing would get Mr. Hughes and his party nowhere.

The facts we have alluded to emphasize anew what we have already pointed out—the lack in this campaign of a really broad, statesmanlike discussion of our foreign relations. If Mr. Hughes has something to say about our Caribbean policy of the future, and should give certain pledges as to his own line of conduct if elected, that would be a different matter. The difficulty is that everything is going by default in the West Indies. In regard to the purchase of the Danish West Indies, where we shall buy another serious negro problem, there has been no adequate public debate. We can hardly hope that, under our form of government, foreign matters like these can be passed upon by the electorate, especially in a campaign where there is so extraordinary a multiplicity of issues. Much that is taking place in Nicaragua and Haiti and elsewhere is possible only because of the general public's ignorance of it all. We do not question that Mr. Wilson is correct in his interpretation of the treatment the people of the United States desire for the Philippines and the lesser nations now under our tutelage, nor that they would insist on it if they were aware of our interference abroad. The pity of it is, as in other foreign matters, that we are getting no illuminating discussion of principles and policies; that we shall get at most the carping, destructive kind of criticism which in this campaign Mr. Hughes has led us to expect from him.

A NATIONAL RESEARCH COUNCIL.

It will probably some day appear strange that public announcement of the inauguration of the work of the National Research Council opens with the statement that it has received assurance that it will have funds enabling it to proceed with its plans. So great is the outlook for its achievement that such an assurance should not have been lacking for a moment. All the more, however, is it to the credit of the Engineering Foundation, and of those to whose generosity the Foundation owes its pecuniary resources, that the income of its $200,000 endowment, together with an additional contribution of $5,000 annually, and the services of its secretary, are to be placed at the disposal of the Council. And an added source of gratification is to be found in the statement that "the motive of the engineers, 30,000 of whom are represented in the Foundation, in coming to the aid financially of the researchers, is their acknowledged debt to pure science, as well as a matter of patriotism."

The purpose of the Council, as it has been formally stated, is to bring into coöperation existing governmental, educational, industrial, and other organizations for research, "with the object of encouraging the investigation of natural phenomena, the increased use of scientific research in the development of American industries, the employment of scientific methods in strengthening the national defence, and such other applications of science as will promote the national security and welfare." Established by the National Academy of Sciences with the sanction and coöperation of the President of the United States, and comprising in its personnel many of the foremost representatives of both pure and applied science in America, it is impossible to doubt that the Council will achieve in abundant measure the objects for which it has been organized. To endeavor to indicate those objects more specifically would be to attempt a survey of a domain of human activity whose extent, variety, and importance are equally imposing. All that one can touch upon in a brief notice is the spirit in which the undertaking is launched, and with which it is welcomed. On both points all the signs are most propitious. In all its approaches to institutions and to individual men of science and industry alike, the Council has been met in a spirit of hearty and enthusiastic coöperation, and it will enter upon its labors with the zeal of its leading men quickened by the sense of a general and cordial interest in its endeavors on the part of those to whom it must appeal.

One feature which we feel is peculiarly gratifying is the prominent place that is evidently held in the minds of the members of the Council by the idea that the importance of pure science—the pursuit of scientific truth for its own sake—must be strenuously insisted upon and constantly upheld. The idea is conspicuously present in the minutes of the proceedings at the organizing meeting of the Council; and in a statement given out to the press by Dr. George Ellery Hale, chairman of the Council, occasion is taken to enforce the point. He mentions that the president of a great British steel company speaks of the necessity of encouraging "the toiler in pure science, who has not in view monetary gains, but is willing to advance the world's knowledge for the sake of knowledge, and that alone." He even refers to the fact that "Monsieur Painlevé, a pure mathematician, is one of the ablest men of the French Cabinet"—a fact which, to be sure, has no direct bearing on the matter, but which perhaps points the moral just as effectively, at least for those who know upon what intricate and subtle problems, utterly removed from all contact with human interests, Monsieur Painlevé was sharpening his intellect before he responded to the call for public service. Nor is the conjuncture a new one in France; to mention only one precedent, Carnot, whom all the world thinks of as the man who "organized victory" for the First Republic, is remembered by mathematicians as the author of the theory of transversals and of a famous work on the philosophy of the infinitesimal calculus.

This, however, is a side matter; it relates to individuals, concerning whom there can be no law, not to a principle. The broad principle that the pursuit of science without any thought, direct or indirect, of practical application is of the utmost value for the promotion of progress in the practical concerns of men is emphatically insisted on by Dr. Hale and other members of the Council. In a letter published some time ago in the New York *Times*, Dr. Hale dwells especially on this doctrine. And we note that where, in enumerating the purposes of the Council, he speaks of "the promotion of cooperation in research with the object of securing increased efficiency," he adds the important proviso that in the pursuit of this there must be "careful avoidance of any hampering control or interference with individual freedom and initiative." If the spirit manifested in this and other expressions of the attitude of the Council continues to be maintained, men who prize pure science for its own sake will have no need to fear that through over-zeal for "results" the promoters of coöperation in scientific research will inflict upon men of individual aspiration and uncalculating devotion an injury which might go far to counterbalance the gains obtained by increased systematization. These gains, great as they unquestionably may be made, are more or less calculable; what is utterly incalculable is the potentiality of unhampered individual thought and endeavor, inspired by a passionate ardor for the discovery of truth, and directed into those channels which the particular bent of their mind determines for a few rare and "divinely gifted" men in each generation.

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SHORTENING THE SHORT STORY.

At the beginning of the third year of the great war (the future historian of American literature will write), the impress of the world conflict upon the short story, the most truly national of American literary forms, became peculiarly marked. The war had brought a transmutation of values in nearly every field of life. It brought an immense change in magazine fiction. The short story grew more condensed, more vigorous, more dramatic. This was inevitable in an age which had made a mockery of thought and feeling and emphasized only the value of action. The magazines were under the necessity of competing against the highly compressed bulletins of the War Offices. A reading public sated with victories told in a single paragraph and revolutions announced in a parenthesis naturally insisted upon the same economy of speech in their imaginative literature. Indirectly, too, the great war forced the literary current into the same channel. The great lesson of the war for America was, of course, efficiency. It was natural that the new efficiency should turn to the elimination of false motions, the conservation of raw material, and the nursing of brain expenditure in one of our principal industries, the manufacture of the short story. In scarcely any other field can the student of to-day re-create, from internal evidence, the psychological effects of the European conflict. Thus the future historian.

Actually, it is a case of white paper. It is like the Roman Empire which did not fall because of spiritual decadence, but on account of malaria. It is like Waterloo, which was not lost because all the forces of history drove to that event, but because Napoleon was out of sorts on June 18, 1815. In the editorial offices the order of the day is to go short on the short story because of the white-paper famine. The trained author will remember conditions in the chemical market and please make his hero cut the Gordian knot with a splendid gesture of defiance, instead of hesitating between temptation and duty to the extent of a couple of pages. Ink has gone up 300 per cent. in two years, and neglected wives will kindly let their actions speak for their motives instead of describing them at length. Stereotyping material is way up; consequently it would be a convenience if the people in the story would just say things instead of breathing them or flashing them or tentatively suggesting them, as they have been in the habit of doing. The compositors are all demanding higher wages, and it would help if the death-grapple between young Norman Winthrop from Harvard and Alkali Bill, on the edge of the Grand Cañon, only went to three rounds. Many things counsel continence of speech, but principally white paper. The supply is falling off, the demand is increasing. Governments are publishing tons of true accounts of the origins of the war. Congressmen are up for reëlection, and the *Congressional Record* is circulating like mad. Traction companies and traction strikers are constantly writing open letters to the public; also milk companies, railway companies, and the producers of poor shows on Broadway. Thrift must be practiced somewhere. Why not in the short story, which, by becoming shorter, will only be living up to its ideal?

In other words, less pulp and more red blood, the latter being a commodity in which we are entirely independent of Germany. Neither must we look to Germany for ginger and "pep," which have always been in high demand and which must now be utilized in greater quantities than ever. Times will be hard for the literary highbrow, a species notoriously addicted to a copious diet of white paper. Times will be good for literary experts in the "punch" with which every story should begin and the "kick" with which it should end. New efficiency-securing devices will no doubt be forthcoming. The censor would be useful if he could be acclimatized. At first sight the censor would only seem to be a wastrel with white paper. He leaves gaping blanks on the front page of the principal European newspapers; but the shrewd editor will know how to make use of him. Take, for instance, a fascinating article on the "Crisis in the Near East" in the Paris *Temps*. It begins: "Petty diplomacy is no more successful than petty warfare." Then come eight inches of white space. Then the driving home of the argument: "This cannot be repeated too often!" So in the magazine story: "Geraldine looked straight past him and said

He dashed from the room in an agony of frustration." Half an inch of white paper ostensibly wasted; actually a couple of pages saved.

But the American Münsterberg of the future will find in the short story as it began to take shape in the fall of 1916 a monument to the psychic reactions of the American people to the war in Europe. It will be discovered that about this time a new spirit and a new *Weltanschauung* were born in America.

Foreign Correspondence

THE UNIVERSITY OF GHENT, THE GERMAN INTRUDERS, AND THE FLEMING "ACTIVISTS."

By A. J. BARNOUW.

THE HAGUE, September 17.

On October 15 the University of Ghent will be reopened as a Flemish institution, under the auspices of the German Government at Brussels. Much dust has been raised about the question whether the occupying Power has any right to take action in this matter, since the Belgian Government, at the beginning of the war, had issued a decree declaring all university teaching to be suspended for the time being. Article 43 of the Regulations dealing with the conduct of war on land obliges the occupying Power to take all such measures as may serve to secure the re-establishment and maintenance of public order and public life without infringing existing laws. It may be argued that a Government decree does not fall under the term "law"; but even the stanchest supporter of German politics would find it difficult to justify this step on the ground of its being conducive to the reëstablishment and maintenance of public order. To sow discord among citizens is, to say the least, a most unusual style of restoring or securing domestic peace. The doctrine of the "Unwertung aller Werte" will doubtless convince the ninety-three "es-ist-nicht-wahr" professors that disbelief in this discord-born peace only betrays the Kultur-less stupidity of the incredulous. But the unblessed poor in spirit can foresee no other result than a widening of the gulf between Fleming and Walloon, and schism among the Flemings themselves. For this German gift of a Flemish university is far from satisfying all Flamingants.

In a letter to the *Nation*, written in February last, when the intended flamification of the University was first intimated by the German authorities, I quoted the opinion of Mr. Van Cauwelaert, the leader of the Flemish Roman Catholic party and one of the three Deputies who proposed a bill for the cession of the University of Ghent to the Flemings. In his weekly paper, *Vrij België*, he wrote: "A Flemish university, created under such conditions, will remain without professors and without students." But this prophecy has not come true. It was based on a conviction that the Flemish race would be unanimous in scorning to receive a gift at the hands of the oppressor, though it meant the fulfilment of their fondest wishes. But the German bait has been too alluring for the bitterest gallophobes among the Flamingants. The enemy in Santa Claus disguise saw his present accepted by these innocents, to the disgust of the Walloons and the intense mortification of their own race-fellows—traitors, they are called by the former. But the problem is not so simple as to justify so summary a verdict. Among the "activists," as these so-called traitors are styled, are men of high standing and repute, who cannot be suspected of conspiring with the enemy against their own country. The difference between them and the loyal Flemings, whose principal spokesman is Mr. Van Cauwelaert, is chiefly a question of tactics. The activists believe that the Belgian Government, when

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it comes into its own again, will more easily be brought to acknowledge the University of Ghent as an exclusively Flemish institution when confronted with the fact of its being established as such, whereas Mr. Van Cauwelaert and his supporters hold that the loyal adherence to the King's cause by the Flemings is bound to find its reward in the flamification of the University of Ghent when peace is restored. The activists see greater wisdom in taking now what is offered them, no matter who the giver be, than in trusting to the fulfilment of vague promises by their own Government.

To the neutral outsider this mercantile dealing with such vital questions may seem despicable and unworthy of a good patriot. But it cannot be denied that the Belgian Government has given the Flamingants little ground for sharing Mr. Van Cauwelaert's belief in the sincerity of its promises. For more than half a year the question of the University has been discussed in the papers, both Dutch and Belgian, the divergence of the activist and the loyal parties has steadily widened so as to bring estrangement and schism between Fleming and Fleming, and the Government at Havre has all that time preserved a mysterious silence. Why was no official confirmation of Mr. Van Cauwelaert's conviction issued from those high quarters, which might have frustrated the German designs? Because the Government, the activist replies, will not commit itself, for a bilingual university is the extreme concession to which the Government at Havre is inclined to go. But the Flamingant will never be satisfied with a semi-Flemish university in Ghent; he must see the French university turned out of Ghent. The demand is not unreasonable. The French language as sole vehicle of university education at Ghent was prescribed by royal decree of December 9, 1849; for nearly seventy years the Flemings, in spite of repeated protests, have had to bear the injustice of this regulation, by which their language was excluded from the only university in the very heart of the Flemish country. That exclusion has hampered the development of the Flemish people. For it stigmatized their language as an inferior dialect which the educated classes were ashamed of speaking. And parents who destined their sons for a university career had no choice but to give them a preparatory education in French, as otherwise the lectures at Ghent would be thrown away on them. Thus a difference of language erected a social barrier between the intellectual and lower classes of Flanders, and how could one hope to raise the latter to a higher level of culture if, in order to attain to it, one had to forego their native speech, without which

> their tongue's use is to them no more
> Than an unstringed viol or a harp,
> Or like a cunning instrument cas'd up.

It is only fair that these points should be taken into account before we condemn the standpoint of the activist and, realizing the intricacies of the case, we had better leave it to the Flemish people themselves to pass sentence on him. But as a Dutchman, I feel justified in giving expression to my scorn of those few countrymen of mine who have stooped to the indignity of accepting a professorship in the new University of Flanders. Blacklegs they are, willing to take the places vacated by those teachers who, like Professors Fredericq and Pirenne, now interned in Germany, refused to receive an appointment from their German oppressor. They prostitute the science they profess to teach by letting themselves be used as willing tools for the furtherance of Germany's political ends. To do my country justice, I may add that the Hollanders who refused an appointment far outnumber those few that accepted one. The Dutchman who, without his sovereign's permission, enters the military or civil service of a foreign state loses thereby his Netherlands citizenship. If the Queen's permission, in this case, is not to be obtained, Holland will not regret their loss.

THE ENTENTE FLEET IN GREEK WATERS—VENIZELOS AND HIS OPPONENTS—RUMANIA IN THE WAR.

By JOHN A. HUYBERS.

ATHENS, September 4.

The Anglo-French fleet lies to-day in the opening of the Straits of Salamis and by those leaving may be plainly seen between the island of Psyttaleia and the mainland—to the right of the entry of the outer harbor of Piræus. From the heights of the rocky promontory at the end of the peninsula of the Piræus, groups of Athenians watch it, and the presence of the great fleet brings home to all the sea power of England and France combined. All know that the occult reign of German power in Greece is ended, and that nowhere is it better known than in the palace at Dekelia, whence daily bulletins are issued announcing the rise and fall of his Majesty's temperature.

> And all the King's horses and all the King's men
> Couldn't put Humpty Dumpty together again.

The impression created by the arrival of the fleet on Friday, September 1, has been immense. It was at 11 A. M. that the semaphore at the Piræus announced its approach. The news was soon known in Athens, many travelling to the Phaleron and to the heights of the promontory that terminates the end of the peninsula of the Piræus to witness the arrival. From the heights of Lycabettos in the afternoon and towards evening the various vessels could be seen approaching through the distant haze, the thin, dark lines of the torpedo-boat destroyers in contrast with the heavier bulk of the larger ships.

"They have come for Baron Schenck," says a small boy, in a group of eager watchers on the heights of Lycabettos. There was a general laugh, and a man answers: "It does not require that force to remove the Baron. He will doubtless go with others, but what great changes are impending, what there is threatening or favorable to our country, no man can yet tell. It is an anxious time for Greece." And the words expressed the general feeling of all the people.

The next day, Saturday, at 4 P. M., the Ministers of France and England presented the following demands to Mr. Zaimis:

(1.) The two Allied Governments, knowing from certain sources that their enemies have received information in various ways and notably through the Greek telegraph service, demand the control of the postal and telegraph and wireless services.

(2.) The spies and corruption agents of the enemies must immediately leave Greece, and not return till the close of hostilities.

(3.) That the necessary measures be taken against those Greek subjects who have become accomplices as spies or agents of corruption.

Mr. Zaimis, who from previous conversations with the Ministers of France and England knew of the tenor of the note, declared that the Greek Government accepted the demands made. As soon as the Ministers left Mr. Zaimis went to Dekelia to see the King, whose recent slight indisposition and rise of temperature have not been decreased by the week's happenings.

That afternoon, in the quiet Rue Solon near at hand, a man approached the German Consulate and two other men in plain clothes coming from the opposite direction stopped him: "Be kind enough to step into the motor car that is waiting at the corner." There was no resistance, and the man, who was one of the German agents, stepped into the car with the two English secret-service men. His ultimate destination is probably Malta. The scene witnessed was typical of what happened in many parts of Athens yesterday. Those not arrested were all "running to cover."

The end of Baron Schenck's career in Greece is of universal popular interest. He will be legendary later in Greek public life for his prodigality and activity in widely different directions. The morning's papers credit him with already having left Greece or having been arrested in half a dozen different places—his chief aid, Mr. Deffner, and the editor of the *Hesperini* were among those arrested yesterday. The Hesperini Building, now in construction on the Place de la Constitution and one of the tallest there, will remain his monument and that of the venality of a part of the Greek press. One reputable paper states that Schenck has made an outlay of 10,000,000 francs in the German interest.

After the great manifestation in front of Venizelos's house on Sunday, August 27, and the counter manifestation on the following day, the month had closed in quiet. There were rumors of another great meeting in favor of Greece's renouncing her neutrality, when the Zaimis Government decided to forbid for the present any further manifestations and the following circular signed by the Prefect of Police was posted: "Considering that any gathering of citizens in the streets, either to deliberate or to manifest their political opinions may compromise public order, all gatherings of such nature are prohibited." Patrols of horse and foot were again to be seen on the streets.

It was only on August 30 that the papers published the official announcement of Rumania's entry into the war on the side of the Allies. It has made a very strong impression on the public and caused some consternation, too, as the people awake to the fact of their having been misled, of the poor, halting part Greece has played in the world drama, and of the isolated, helpless position in which she now stands.

The Court, the late Government, and the pro-German papers continued to assert to the last moment that the policies of Greece and Rumania were closely coördinated, and that Rumania would not move. The *Nea Hemera*, the day before the official announcement of Rumania's action, stated: "The entry of Rumania into the war is a lie, but when did Venizelists ever give the truth? Their shamelessness has no limits." And the *Embros* of the same date, one of the most widely read of the Athenian papers, which, while proclaiming loudly its independence, receives so much per line for all the communications accepted daily from the German-

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Austrian agencies, stated that "there was no modification whatever in Rumania's policy."

Mr. Venizelos issued a statement: "The responsibilities of the Zaimis Government are heavy indeed. A month ago the Government knew through official sources that Rumania's entry into the war was imminent. Its duty then was so to clear the situation within as to make Greece's action which had then become imperative coincide with that of Rumania. If Bulgaria makes a separate peace before Greece places herself definitely on the side of the Allies, that peace means Greece's burial. Mr. Zaimis has now forbidden all popular manifestations, all public gatherings. This was a bold and rash act, as his Government was called into existence to assure the constitutional liberties that had been denied."

The counter manifestation following that in favor of Venizelos was of interest both in matter and manner as a picture of Greek political life. The three orators who spoke from the balcony of the old Rhallys house on the Boulevard de l'Université, only three or four blocks lower down than the house of Venizelos, were Gounaris, the discredited Minister of the last Administration, and two aged men, Rhallys and Dragoumis, who belonged equally to it and who at a remote period—the Tricoupis era—played a prominent part in Greek politics.

And what made these two old men, nearing the term of their lives, hold forth in such vehement language that did not belong to their years or strength and with a temporary fire that only long-enduring rancor could give? Simply this, that Venizelos had so overtopped them in the political career to which they had devoted their lives and fortunes, that it had become as a personal injury not to be forgiven, and they would spend their last strength and give what yet remained of life and fortune, even country itself, if its ruin could but include their great opponent.

The first speaker was Gounaris, who, though not an old man, in appearance recalled a certain elderly, crabbed little Scotch engineer of a tramp steamship. The insincerity of his address was evident, and violence of diction and action took the place of earnestness as he proceeded with his speech. And Emerson's saying came to mind: "How can I listen to what you say when what you are screams at me?"

The Rhallys house is a shabby, two-storied, gray-tinted structure, situated at the corner of the Rue Coraë and the Boulevard de l'Université. As one stands there to listen to the three speakers on the balcony, the setting sun makes a gold-gray mass of the Academy Building opposite. On the two tall Ionic columns on each side that rise above the building stand the figures of Minerva and Apollo, with the background of evening sky and the mellow rock of Lycabettos. The palm trees give an Oriental setting to the Greek features of the Academy, which, owing to its restricted dimensions and to the small, doll-like figures of the tympanum, with its gilt background, has the character rather of prettiness than of nobility. To the left, directly facing the Rue Coraë, stands the University, with its red, open portico and fresco. Beyond is the fine building of the Library.

A big crowd is there to listen, but it has not the character or earnestness of the crowd that stood in front of Venizelos's house the day before; the noisiest present to-day are a Schenck-paid claque. The pro-German propaganda is behind the work. The opening of the address of Mr. Gounaris is but a burlesque in manner and a distortion in matter of what Venizelos had said the day before to which the speaker adds a gross flattery of the crowd present: "You ask us, whom Fate had designated at such painful moments to direct the destinies of the country, what to do?" There had been no public appeal to Mr. Gounaris as in the case of Venizelos. Fate had closed Gounaris's direction of affairs on June 21 and the speaker is witless that, while he speaks, the Anglo-French fleet is on its way to the port of Athens.

"I felicitate you on your assembling in your masses. It was impossible for you not to understand the critical juncture that the country is traversing in foreign and home affairs. And as noble champions you could not fail to hasten to its defence—you who have made it greater by the shedding of your blood [referring to the members of the reservists' leagues present] and you [referring to the human tag, rag, and bobtail present] who have prepared its greatness by your intelligent, honest, and active work in peace." Here the sinister figures that make a human grape of the tall basket-wire telegraph post shout hoarsely their applause. The speaker continues: "You ask us what to do, and we hasten to tell you. The imperative duty of political men is always and above all in times of difficulty to keep in communication with the people. This communion gives strength to the first and to the others knowledge so that in harmonious collaboration they can conduct the affairs of the country."

Then followed a vehement harangue on foreign oppression, as he recalled the dismissal of the Government of which he was one of the principals, the dissolution of the Chamber, and the demobilization. He bitterly attacked Venizelos and the Liberal party, and concluded somewhat lamely by calling upon the people to rise in their masses that truth might prevail and the country be saved.

The aged Rhallys of the former Government [not the Rhallys of the present Ministry] followed with a defence of royalty. He spoke with an animus against Venizelos and a violence that did not belong to his years, and he appeared more as a phantasm to which voice and energy had been momentarily lent. Speaking of the address of the Liberal leader of the day before, he said: "Each word, each phrase contains reprehensible matter under our penal law, because he insults, scoffs at, and defames the person of the King and the royal prerogative, for he attributes to the person of the King and the royal prerogative that are inviolable and irresponsible before the Constitution the acts of the Government. By intrigue he incites foreign Powers to acts of hostility against Greece. And after delivering his libel, he charges a committee of the meeting convoked on his own authority to deliver that libel to the King."

The words of the aged Dragoumis, whom friends and enemies describe as "un esprit éteint," closed the meeting. The appeals in favor of a rising to prove loyalty to the King and confusion to the Liberal party were to remain unacted upon. Four days later the Allied fleet was at the entry of the Piræus and the royal Humpty Dumpty sits nearer the edge of the wall.

Notes from the Capital

GEORGE BRUCE CORTELYOU.

Before Mr. Willcox was chosen to manage Mr. Hughes's campaign, there was a lively canvassing of the names of experienced politicians in connection with this undertaking, but, to the surprise of most observers, that of George Bruce Cortelyou was not among them. The omission may have been due to any of a number of causes, including the probable reluctance of Mr. Cortelyou to return to the firing-line. But the chances are large that the Republican candidate considered a man of his own type more desirable for the particular situation of affairs this season. This is contrary to the common rule in such matters, for the campaign manager is usually expected to be sufficiently unlike the candidate to complement the latter's more obvious traits. Gorman the strategical was the absolute opposite of Cleveland the bluff; Hanna the dominating was an ideal offset for McKinley the gentle; Hitchcock the slender and tireless was the antithesis of Taft the portly and indolent; Cortelyou the achromatic offered a perfect foil for the pyrotechnic Roosevelt.

From this classification it must not be assumed that Cortelyou lacks character: he has plenty of that. It requires a great deal to stand, as he stood for so many years, a buffer between one and another chief and a critical public, to maintain an unwavering poise in the face of every fresh turn of affairs, to launch a brand new executive department made up of governmental odds and ends, for which no suitable place had been found elsewhere; and finally, in perhaps the bitterest factional quarrel that ever split a political party, to bear himself so that nobody would dare risk a wager as to which side he favored the more. But the very qualities which make such a record possible are, in Mr. Cortelyou's case, the normal fruit of twenty years' training in the art of self-effacement. For half that period he was a private secretary; and the model private secretary is one who lives for and in his chief, studying his ways and his wishes, clearing his path of obstructions, responding to his slightest call, but never obtrusively forestalling it; always unruffled, noiseless, reticent. A man who has gone through such a drill steadily for a long period, while he is still plastic enough to retain impressions made on him by contact, must be a marvel indeed if he does not show its effect in whatever position he may have to fill thereafter. If he have good natural capacity, he will be efficient, prompt, methodical, watchful, generally satisfactory in the performance of his regular administrative duties, but any spirit of leadership with which he was born will have become atrophied in him.

No man could have been better suited than Cortelyou for just such a place as he filled at McKinley's elbow. McKinley, with all his pleasant personal traits, leaned as far towards secretiveness as his immediate successor did towards the other extreme. People with axes to grind were continually pouring into the White House, and coming out again with expressions of encouragement, or tickled by having their minds turned in some unwonted direction: it was the President's peculiar gift to produce these effects. Newspaper emis-

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saries were seeking Cortelyou daily in quest of advance information, and receiving assurances from him that everything was progressing finely with the Administration, that the sun would soon be shining brightly or that it looked like rain, that the next message sent to Congress would contain some uncommonly eloquent passages which must not be even hinted at yet, that the President felt the most implicit confidence in the wisdom and integrity and loyalty of all the members of his Cabinet, or a batch of "pointers" on other subjects equally thrilling.

One appraising glance at the man will suffice to tell you what he is—the most faithful of trustees, the most unbending of guardians, the most uncommunicative of secret-keepers. Observe his serious attire, never creased by any hand save the tailor's; his spotless and perfectly starched linen; the unclouded lustre of his shoes; the symmetrical precision of his cravat; the correct and immovable perch of his eyeglasses; the glossy smoothness of his near-black hair, always brushed straight back from his forehead, and from New Year's Day till Christmas never showing a wisp misplaced; the careful restraint of his smile; the low, half-confidential pitch of his voice, and the absence of any spontaneous gesture in conversation. Are they not more eloquent than any written phrases of description?

He has now, for seven years continuously, filled a position of high responsibility in the business world, most of his time being spent in New York city, yet I venture to say that in any popular gathering with which he might mingle, though his name might be familiar to more than half of it, not one person in every hundred would recognize his identity. It will be so as long as he lives, for nothing varies with Cortelyou: he is the same to-day as he was yesterday, and to-morrow will be but a repetition of to-day. The great world may "spin forever down the ringing grooves of change," but there's nothing of that sort for Cortelyou. TATTLER.

Correspondence

MR. HUGHES AND THE HYPHENATES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I suppose that, like myself, most of your readers have been very anxious to know which Presidential candidate the *Nation* would support. We liked your frank pre-convention statement that the *Nation* was where many of us were—on the fence. For myself, I was disgusted with Mr. Wilson's foreign policy, with his failure to hold Germany to "strict accountability." Like many of my friends, I believe that Mr. Roosevelt would have done so, and I hoped to vote for him. We were assured, however, by the *Nation* that the moment Mr. Hughes was nominated he would speak out boldly for Americanism, and especially that he would declare himself on hyphenism. We have waited some time now, and are still waiting. Judge Hughes's stalwart utterances have come no nearer this critical question than a blanket endorsement of Mr. Roosevelt's Lewiston speech—an endorsement that had the remarkable effect of almost persuading the *Nation* to say something good about Mr. Roosevelt.

Whether he wishes it or not Judge Hughes has become the German candidate. Let any one who doubts it consult any issue of any German paper published in this country. This quotation from the *Staats-Zeitung* (New York) of October 3 is a typical example. Commenting on an editorial in the New York *Times*, the editor concludes, "Wie es mit diesem mysteriösen 'deutschen Votum,' welches die *Times* so hübsch analysiert, eigentlich steht, vermögen wir nicht zu sagen. Was aber das Votum der Bürger deutsch-amerikanischer Abkunft anbetrifft, so können wir der *Times* versichern, es stimmt amerikanisch—nicht pro-britisch-Wilsonitisch." It is no far cry from this to "Hoch unser Kandidat Hughes."

I have long been and still am an admirer of Mr. Roosevelt, but I cannot forget that he has once before exhorted us to vote for a great judge. Once, it seems to me, was quite enough. LOUIS E. LORD.

Oberlin, O., October 6.

FREUDIAN DOCTRINES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: It is fortunate indeed that there is one psychologist who has the courage and the energy to show up, in appropriate terms, the absurdities of the Freudian doctrine—of what can better be called, with its censor and its various other wild personifications, the Freudian mythology. This whole trend of thought is no less a prostitution of logic—of scientific acumen and method—than it is of a decent morality. There are plenty of people who know this, but there are not so many who are willing to wallow in the literature to such an extent as to be able to write about it with the hand of the expert, as Professor Fite has done. The unscientific procedure of Freudianism may be trusted to right itself in time (if the world is not coming to an end), but morals is a plant of fragile growth, and, with the tragic subjection to German thought with which we have hitherto been obsessed, we may allow an incalculable injury to be done before our eyes before we have fully noticed what is going on. The German mind is (as has been often pointed out) to a certain extent undeveloped when contrasted with the logical and moral sanity of the non-German civilized nations; much of German metaphysics, as well as the more recent obsession with the insane Nietzscheism (even before the rise of the "Freudian sect," as Dr. Southard calls it), gives evidence of this. But many things can be cured, in this world: it is probable that there will not again be written a treatise on "Psychopathia Gallica," in which the thesis of the *Minderwertigkeit* of the French nation is seriously defended. The work in question, by Löwenfeld, appeared in 1914; the author affirms that the prognosis for the French is not unfavorable, "in case the war ends as we hope." But Laehr, writing in 1916, says that this hypothesis is unfounded—that it had better be regarded as only a "clever play of thought," for the reason (among others) that if the French people are to be regarded as suffering from disease, then they would properly be objects of compassion at the end of the war—a thing not to be thought of. We have here, in passing, an instance of that German habit which has been made plain to us during this war: when you wish to make up your mind as to whether a given statement is true or not, one element to be considered is whether the statement, if accepted as true, would be advantageous to you or not; in this they outdo the pragmatists a little.

But it must not be supposed that there are not a goodly number of Germans who have set out in plain terms the utterly unscientific character of the views of Freud and Jung. I have not my books nor my notes at hand, but an admirable detailed and scathing criticism of them (among many others) may be found in several numbers of the *Archiv für die gesammte Psychologie* of two or three years ago. The reader who wishes to get a glimpse of one year's contributions to the subject (on both sides) will do well to consult the admirable summary by Dr. Southard, which fills the June number of the *Psychological Bulletin* (pp. 229-257). He will find out, incidentally, how the physician who practices this method goes to work to discover whether his patients (they are most frequently young women) "have symbolically married their fathers or not." The technique of the consultations will be described for him (taken from a book by two New York physicians): "preferably not less than three times per week, of an hour's duration each, with arrangements made during the first visit for the fee." (It is well known that the Christian Science method of cure is also totally inoperative in the case of the absence of the fee.) On account of the "transfer" (and on other accounts also, no doubt!) "it is undesirable to have another physician treating the patient at the same time; the other physician might acquire the transfer, and this would prevent the psychoanalyst from accomplishing anything." I need not reproduce again the means of cure—it proceeds by giving to every dream some such "interpretation" as this: that "eagle equals the physician, arrow equals the erotic wish of the patient, beak [of the eagle] means remembrances of certain perverse actions of childhood. This dream also says: I have renounced the infantile wish, and sacrificed my infantile personality (which is synonymous with, I paralyze it, castrate the father or physician)." The original erotic feeling for the father is usually "transferred," it will be remembered, upon the physician, the psychoanalyst, that is, in charge of the case. I quote from Dr. Southard, but absolutely any book on this subject will furnish on every page exactly parallel cases. And this is the sort of thing that psychological seminaries, as well as departments in medical schools, are now (beginning with that of a certain Massachusetts university) required to discuss. A Harvard professor said lately, with justice, when he discovered what is going on: "But this is matter for the police court!" In this same way the doctrine of witchcraft, with its obscenities, once swept the world.

A great part of the trick, in carrying the neuro-medical world over to Freudianism, consists in giving to a single word many different significations. That term to conjure with—*libido*—was first used in its actual sense, but in the later forms of the doctrine it has come to mean (among other things) the concept "unknown nature," or hypothetical energy of life, "cosmic energy or urge," and also (very naturally!) Bergson's *élan vital*. In the same way we are told, in "The Freudian Wish," that wish is not exactly *wish*, but is a course of action, a project for a course of action, "the same thing as im-

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pulse, tendency, . . . purpose, attitude, and the like," that no distinction can be found between function and wish, and finally that in a supplementary chapter (reprinted from the *Journal of Philosophy*) will be shown "the cardinal importance of this same 'wish,' there [at that earlier date], however, called the specific response relation." One will not be surprised, then, to find that "this so-called wish becomes the unit of consciousness, replacing the older unit commonly called sensation." When you have once convinced yourself that a given term, which starts by having a well-known meaning, can easily be made to mean everything else, there will plainly be no difficulty in proving anything under heaven. It will be remembered that the rôle now played by "wish" was originally taken by *trauma,* but it cannot be seen that any particular difference is made in the superstructure by this change. In either case one may readily grant that the Freudian contribution "transforms the principal doctrines of psychology and recasts the science," though one may doubt that it does this, "much as the atomic theory and later the ionic theory [the electronic theory?] have reshaped earlier conceptions of chemistry."

The right-minded reader of Freudian literature will agree with Voss (in Aschaffenburg's *Handbuch,* 1915), who ends by quoting with approval the conclusion of Hoche, that "the doctrines of so-called psychoanalysis are well founded neither theoretically nor empirically, that its therapeutic effect is unproved, that its permanent gain for clinical psychiatry is nil, that it conveys the impression of unscientific method, that its pursuit is *dangerous for the patient and compromising for the physician* (italics mine), and finally that its only permanent interest is in the field of the history of Kultur." This whole judgment is the exact and correct "analysis" of the situation; but the last item in it is particularly acute—psychoanalysis is most intimately bound up with German *Kultur.* Unless means can speedily be found to prevent its spread (it has now plenty of books addressed to the general public as well as to the physician and the scientist), the prognosis for civilization is unfavorable.

C. Ladd Franklin.

Randolph, N. H., September 17.

THE BELGIAN Y. M. C. A.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Not the least of the misfortune which the war has caused in Belgium is the almost complete ruin of the Y. M. C. A. work in that country. The Brussels Y. M. C. A., in spite of the fact that the Protestant population of the city is very small, had before the war several hundred members, and was beginning to play an important part in the religious life of the city. Its effectiveness was due largely to the enterprise of the two foreign sections, German and Anglo-American, which disappeared entirely at the outbreak of the war; and as millions of Belgians are wholly or partially objects of charity, the society is now almost absolutely without funds. I visited Mr. Van Duynen, the Brussels secretary, in February, and found him without a fire. "We have had no heat in the building all winter," he said. "We can't afford it." For the past two years he has received only a fraction of his always modest salary, and if help is not forthcoming, it is possible that it will be necessary to abandon the work entirely. When a few hundreds may save the life of this useful work, and a few thousands would keep it going generously, Americans will certainly not allow it to die. Minister Brand Whitlock has given assurance that funds addressed to him for the Y. M. C. A. will reach the proper hands safely. A letter sent to the Department of State at Washington for him will be forwarded to him at Brussels; or subscriptions may be sent to the address below. It is hoped that well-wishers of this useful organization will not hesitate because they are not in a position to give largely. The smallest contributions, as well as the largest, will be gratefully acknowledged and faithfully forwarded.

Roy T. House.

State University of Oklahoma, Norman, Oklahoma, October 9.

SAFETY OF NEUTRALS AT SEA.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: In the letter, "Interference with Mails," in the *Nation* of September 28, Dr. Gotthard Deutsch supports his argument by citing the alleged proclamation of the British Consul at Shanghai in 1904, to the effect that the British Government would not be responsible for the safety of any British subject leaving that port on a ship of either of the belligerent nations. This pretended proclamation has been, indeed, repeatedly brought forward as evidence of a British precedent which this country should have followed.

If Dr. Deutsch will consult the New York *Times* for March 5, 1916, page 3, col. 3, or the *Congressional Record,* Vol. 53, No. 62, pp. 4015-4016, he will find that this proclamation is purely imaginary, and was apparently invented in this country, *after* the sinking of the Lusitania. It gained circulation through a letter published in the New York *Sun* of July 30, 1915, p. 6. The writer of that letter, being later requested by the *Sun* to give his authority, explained that he had obtained his information from a Western newspaper of which he could not remember either the name or the date. The Reference Division of the Library of Congress made a full investigation of the question, and found no evidence that any such proclamation had ever been issued, and the British Embassy, in answer to an inquiry by Senator Lodge, confirmed this conclusion. W. Strunk, Jr.

Ithaca, N. Y., October 9.

DR. JOHNSON ON SCHRECKLICHKEIT.

To the Editor of The Nation:

Sir: Dr. Johnson's remarks upon the conquest of the air ("Rasselas," chapter 6) seem almost prophetic to-day. Perhaps they are worth reprinting:

"'If men were all virtuous,' returned the artist, 'I should with great alacrity teach them all to fly. But what would be the security of the good, if the bad could at pleasure invade them from the sky? Against an army sailing through the clouds, neither walls, nor mountains, nor seas could afford any security. A flight of Northern savages might hover in the wind and alight at once, with irresistible violence, upon the capital of a fruitful region that was rolling under them.'"

Samuel E. Bassett.

Burlington, Vt., October 11.

Book Notes and Byways

RECENT PUBLICATIONS OF THE BIBLIOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY OF LONDON.

Transactions of the Bibliographical Society. Volume XII: October, 1911, to April, 1913.

A Hand-List of English Books in the Library of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, printed before MDCXLI.

Abstracts from the Wills and Testamentary Documents of Printers, Binders, and Stationers of Cambridge from 1504 to 1699. By G. J. Gray and W. M. Palmer.

From the annual report for 1915 it appears that the prosperity of the Bibliographical Society has been much less affected by the continuance of the war than could have been expected. Of the members of the Society in military service only one has fallen, though many members have suffered by the loss of sons and younger brothers, and the notable increase in membership which was in progress in the first half of 1914 has received a temporary check. But the membership has not yet been diminished, and the monthly meetings have been regularly held. Since the outbreak of the war the three volumes named above have been issued to members, and it is hoped to issue in a few months another volume of Transactions, on which the work is well advanced, and either the first volume of Carleton Brown's "Register of Middle English Religious and Didactic Verse," or Gordon Duff's "English Fifteenth Century Books."

The twelfth volume of the Transactions offers a rich variety of attractive and important papers, opening with Mr. Madan's warning note on the "Duplicity of Duplicates," in which he maintains that our present methods for detecting duplicates are inadequate, and that it is dangerous to part with any book as a duplicate, if printed before 1800, without close inspection, his concluding words being, "I do not advocate the collection of duplicates (that way madness lies), but I do advocate (and this is my emphatic point) the greatest care in getting rid of them when you think you have them," advice which is not uncalled for even in this day of trained librarians. A second note by Mr. Madan describes a method of making what he calls a quantitative analysis of the output of literature in the Sacheverell affair, which seems almost to add a new dimension to bibliography.

Mr. H. B. Wheatley's reminiscences of seventy years of cataloguing relate mainly to the rules of the British Museum and their influence. Mr. W. W. Greg in his interesting paper entitled "What is Bibliography?" divides bibliography into three branches, namely, the elements of bibliography, systematic bibliography, and that which he considers the most important of the three, for literary students at least, critical bibliography, or the science of the material transmission of literary texts, it being very nearly what is commonly meant by textual criticism. The view, held by many recent writers, that bibliography is properly confined to the study of printed books seems to him a very foolish one, for he regards the distinction between written and printed books as irrelevant, so far as concerns the system of investigation and the method of description, and it seems to him "perverse to confine to printed books a

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science of which the name was in use, and the principal methods of which had been invented, centuries before printed books existed." He maintains that strictly bibliographical investigation forms three-fourths of textual criticism, and therefore of the work of the scientific editor. Everywhere the editor suffers from not being a bibliographer, giving himself all sorts of unnecessary trouble and arriving at all sorts of impossible results. Mr. P. S. Allen, in his paper on some sixteenth-century manuscript letter books, gives an account of his examination of two letter books of Erasmus, one of Boniface Amerbach, and one of Nicholas Ellenbog, each presenting a different type, and points out some characteristics of the manuscript sources from which printed volumes of letters came into being. Two papers by Dr. Ernst Crous, on the general catalogue of incunabula, and on the inventory of incunabula in Great Britain and Ireland drawn up by him for the German Commission, relate to a project upon which much progress had been made, but the fate of which, unfortunately, the war has rendered very uncertain. The inventory shows that of British collections containing incunabula, four stand head and shoulders above the rest: the British Museum first, of course, with about 11,500; the Bodleian with about 5,600; the Cambridge University Library with about 3,000, and the John Rylands Library with about 2,400, the next largest being the Chatsworth Library with 653. Altogether it shows over 38,000 recorded incunabula in the country, of which 4,647 are in private hands. The proposed bibliography of British history since 1485 is described in a paper by Mr. H. R. Tedder, and it is to be hoped that it may be successfully completed without interruption. Bibliographers at least will find pleasure in Mr. G. A. Aitken's "Notes on the Bibliography of Pope," and in Professor Ferguson's paper on "Books of Secrets."

But what gives this volume of Transactions its greatest value is Mr. R. B. McKerrow's important monograph, modestly entitled "Notes on Bibliographical Evidence for Literary Students and Editors of English Works of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries," which occupies more than a hundred pages. Bibliographical evidence, he tells us, will often help us "to settle such questions as that of the order and relative values of different editions of a book; whether certain sections of a book were originally intended to form part of it or were added afterwards; whether a later edition was printed from an earlier and from which; whether it was printed from a copy which had been corrected in manuscript, or whether such corrections as it contains were made in the proof, and a number of other problems of a similar kind, which may often have a highly important literary bearing. It will indeed sometimes enable us to solve questions which to one entirely without bibliographical knowledge would appear quite incapable of solution." In his paper his aim has been to bring together such elementary facts as may be useful to those who undertake research in literary history, and to give some illustrations of the kind of knowledge that may be derived from bibliographical study of texts. The headings of some of the sections—such as On Signatures and What May Be Learned from Them; On Books Set in Duplicate; On Dating Undated Editions; On Cancels; On Additions Made to Sheets already Printed, etc.—may serve to indicate the range and character of this monograph, which forms an admirable manual for literary students and deserves a wider circulation than it is likely to obtain in the Transactions of the Society, obtainable only by members.

The "Hand-List of English Books in the Library of Emmanuel College," by P. W. Wood and G. H. Watts, is No. II. in the series of Short Catalogues of English books printed before 1641, the first number of which was issued in 1905. The titles are abbreviated as much as possible; though they retain the original spelling, and giving the date, printer's name, and place of printing, when these are known. An index of printers and booksellers and an index of places of printing are also given. The volume containing Abstracts from the wills of Cambridge printers from 1504 to 1699, compiled by G. J. Gray, forms a companion volume to those containing Abstracts from the wills of London and Oxford printers issued by the Society in 1903 and 1907. In it are printed forty-seven wills, inventories, etc., of printers, stationers, and binders, with biographical and bibliographical notes, and an interesting introduction concerning the Cambridge University Printers.

Literature

GEORGE MOORE AS INTERPRETER OF JESUS.

The Brook Kerith. By George Moore. New York: The Macmillan Co. $1.50.

If one writes well enough, one may say anything one pleases. A man who takes great pains with his style is likely in the long run to have a devoted following, and to get a hearing, even for his indiscretions and ineptitudes. If he unites with his talent for dulcet utterance a certain instinct for "sex" and salacity and shocking middle-class sensibilities, he is pretty sure to become a celebrity, and he has a fair chance of becoming a classic, in his own lifetime. There is at present a strong demand for the sanction given to the discussion of questionable subjects by an unquestionable style. Mr. Moore knows how to meet that demand. Some people read him for his style, and some people read him for his subjects. And so one was not surprised to hear him hailed, not long ago, as the greatest master of English since Thackeray. The book now before us is said by his admirers to exhibit him at his best. The best work of the "greatest master of English since Thackeray" should be an event of first-rate literary importance. It should, at least, bear "looking into."

It does. We have looked into it rather carefully and with curiosity sharpened by the fine things that have been said about it. An honest and benevolent reviewer ought, however, to indicate clearly from what point of view it will bear inspection. It will be a kindness to readers who, like ourselves, wish to keep in touch with the really "great" living writers to say frankly what sort of readers will not be able to bear looking into it. The first sort are those who accept the traditional view of the Bible and the life of Jesus: to them "The Brook Kerith" can be nothing but an impudent and detestable profanation of the sanctuary. The second sort are those who, without accepting all the traditional views of the Bible and the life of Jesus, preserve a profound admiration and reverence for the founder of Christianity and for the poetic truth and beauty of the Scripture: to them "The Brook Kerith" can hardly fail to appear a licentious and ignoble travesty. There remain George Moore's followers, to whom every line of his is precious; and there remain those who, like ourselves, can, in the case of a "great" living writer, put aside their own religious and literary predilections, and yield to their quite unholy curiosity to know what a man like George Moore can have to say about Jesus.

The book leaves no doubt that Mr. Moore has for many years done a good deal of—we will not say, of thinking. Mr. Moore does not think; he muses. That, for persons of musing temperament, is the charm of his later manner. He has then, we say, done a great deal of musing about his subject. For some reason, Jesus is a phenomenon that has disturbed his equanimity. The Beatitudes, the Crucifixion, the Resurrection have been obstacles to the equable flow of his naturalistic revery. The "cross," the "crown," "renunciation," "self-sacrifice," "redemption"—all these knotty ideas and symbols of our need of a spiritual life and of the means of attaining it have puzzled George Moore, have annoyed him, have almost forced him to think. But Mr. Moore does not like to think; it is contrary to the stream of his tendency. And why, he "mutters" to himself, should one do what one does not like? Why, he muses, should one go against the stream of one's tendency? Have not all great artists found themselves by following their tendency? There was Dégas, for example. . . . Christian tradition, however dwindled, runs counter to, and thwarts, one's instincts. Clearly, one cannot muse in comfort till one gets this Jesus out of one's system!

Novelists and dramatists of this generation have tried various means to get the spiritual Jesus of the gospels out of their systems. Oscar Wilde exorcised the spiritual Jesus by repeating to himself that it was an exquisite Pre-Raphaelitish æsthete who walked in the Garden of Gethsemane. Others have accomplished the same end by repeating to themselves that it was an anarchist, a socialist, a humanitarian enthusiast. George Moore must have mused on these modern literary exorcisms till he became aware that all methods have one common element: any one who desires to rid himself of the obsession of the spiritual Jesus has but to put his own natural instinctive self in the place of Jesus. The substitution brings instant relief from the pressure upon the consciousness of an exacting alien force. Thus, when Mr. Moore has performed this substitution and has converted Jesus of Nazareth into a contemporary Irish sentimental naturalist of our own day, he is no longer troubled by the hallucination of a voice calling: "Follow me." The voice says now: "Follow your inclinations"—which, of

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course, is precisely what he was "getting at."

Mr. Moore creates the Moore-ish Jesus of this curious fiction untrammelled by the spirit or the letter of the gospel narratives. His Jesus does not die on the cross, but is removed from it alive, and is slowly nursed back to health in the house of Joseph of Arimathea. It is shortly after the descent from the cross and during the convalescence that the following conversation takes place:

Joseph asked, not because he was interested in dog breeding, but to make talk, if the puppies were mongrels. Mongrels, Jesus repeated overlooking them; not altogether mongrels, three-quarter bred; the dog that begot them was a mongrel, half Syrian, half Thracian. I've seen worse dogs highly prized. Send the bitch to a dog of pure Thracian stock and thou'lt get some puppies that will be the sort that I used to seek.

This is not the most nor the least quotable of the innumerable passages by which our ingenious author gives to his narration a kind of sex-interest in which the gospel story is quite deficient. When the continuance of Jesus in Jerusalem becomes dangerous, Joseph sends him into the hills by the brook Kerith. There, among the ascetic Essenes, with whom he had lived before he went out to preach, he dwells as a shepherd for some twenty years, busily occupied in improving the stock by a judicious selection of rams, but finding occasion to muse from time to time on the events of the past—composing, so to speak, his "Memoirs of My Dead Life." In these pastoral musings among the hills, he exhibits all George Moore's mental manners or mannerisms—picks up a definite theme, toys with it, strays from it, loses the thread, drifts off on the stream of revery, and perhaps eventually drifts back again. It is not to be wondered at that this somewhat languid form of mental activity brings him ultimately around to Mr. Moore's own "intellectual position." Here is a selection of his sayings and musings on pages 365 and 366:

Repentance changes nothing, it brings nothing unless grief peradventure. . . . I used, he said, to despise the air I breathed, and long for the airs of paradise, but what did these longings bring me?—grief. God bade us live on earth and we bring unhappiness upon ourselves by desiring heaven. Jesus stopped, and looking through the blue air of evening, he could see the shepherds eating their bread and garlic on the hillside. . . . His thoughts began again, flowing like a wind. . . . In the desert he had looked for God in the flowers that the sun called forth and in the clouds that the wind shepherded, and he had learnt to prize the earth and live content among his sheep, all things being the gift of God and his holy will. *He had not placed himself above the flowers and grasses of the earth, nor the sheep that fed upon them, nor above the men that fed upon the sheep.* [Reviewer's italics: quintessence of Moore-ish naturalism.] . . . Rites and observances, all that comes under the name of religion, estranges us from God, he repeated. God is not here, nor there, but everywhere: in the flower, and in the star, and in the earth under foot. . . . But shall we gather the universal will into an image and call it God?—for by doing this do we not drift back to the starting place of all our misery? We again become the dupes of illusion and desire; God and his heaven are our old enemies in disguise. He who yields himself to God goes forth to persuade others to love God, and very soon his love of God impels him to violent ends and cruel deeds. It cannot be else, for *God is but desire* [reviewer's italics: was the definition "made in Germany"?]; and whosoever yields to desire falls into sin. To be without sin we must be without God. . . . Jesus stood before the door of the cenoby, . . . asking himself if any man had dared to ask himself *if God were not indeed the last uncleanliness of the mind.* [Reviewer's italics: the "daring" of the question reminds one rather less of Jesus than of the talented poet-editor of the *Vaterland.*]

The foregoing passage gives us the positive or "constructive" message of the book. This soft, sentimental, pseudo-pantheism is no doubt really Mr. Moore's. When he expresses it, he speaks with as much sincerity as the chary gods have vouchsafed to him. It is when he is steeped to the lips in a vague sweet sense that there is no difference between him and a flower—it is in such moments that he writes the "delicious" half-pages that persuade even *schöne Seelen* that he is the greatest master of English since Thackeray. It is when he is in the grip of a vague sense that there is no difference between him and a sheep or, let us say, one of the Essene rams which so much solicit his attention—it is in such moments that he writes the sly half-pages which persuade some of us that he is not far from right: that there is probably no very great difference between his religion and that of the sheep. And so one comes back to a sense that a religion which helps a man make the distinction between himself and a flower has a certain usefulness yet.

Revenons à nos—let us return to Mr. Moore's Jesus. His musing by the brook Kerith has a destructive tendency along with its benevolent sentimentality. He muses slowly to the conclusion that his great mission was a mistake; that a large part of his teaching was fanatical; that his renunciation of the earthly life was perverse; that his presentation of himself as the Messiah was imposture. Finally, in the assembly of the Essenes, he confesses his sins. Conducted by a master-confesser, the recital is rather prolix. Here is part of the confession:

I fear to speak of the things I said at that time, but I must speak of them. One man asked me before he left all things to follow me if he might not bury his father first. I answered, leave the dead to bury their dead, and to another who said, my hand is at the plough, may I not drive it to the headland, I answered: leave all things and follow me. My teaching grew more and more violent. It is not peace, I said, that I bring you, but a sword, and I come as a brand wherewith to set the world in flame. . . . It seems to me that in telling the story, brethren, I am doing but the work of God; *no man strays very far from the work that God has decreed to him.* [Reviewer's italics: this is the genuine gospel according to Moore.] But in the time I am telling I was so exalted by the many miracles which I had performed by the power of God or the power of a demon, I know not which, that I encouraged my disciples to speak of me as the son of David, though I knew myself to be the son of Joseph the carpenter; and when I rode into Jerusalem and the people strewed palms before me and called out, the son of David, and Joseph said to me, let them not call thee the son of David, I answered in my pride, if they did not call it forth the stones themselves would. . . . A day passed in great exaltation and hope, and one evening I took bread and broke it, saying that I was the bread of life that came down from heaven and that whosoever ate of it had everlasting life given to him. After saying these words a great disquiet fell upon me, and calling my disciples together I asked them to come to the garden of olives with me. And it was while asking God's forgiveness for my blasphemies that the emissaries and agents of the Priests came and took me prisoner.

The "great situation" in the book is the confrontation of Jesus with the apostle Paul. He staggers into the cenoby of the Essenes one night, full of the "glad tidings of the resurrection" which he has been preaching from Damascus to Jerusalem. He is present through part of the confession of Jesus, but imagines that he is listening to a madman, and is himself seized with a fit in the midst of the disclosure. Jesus makes several efforts later to persuade Paul that he is indeed the crucified Nazarene; but Paul departs utterly incredulous and unmoved, and goes on his way, proclaiming the risen Lord. Jesus had intended to return to Jerusalem, and to destroy his following by exploding his "legend." But having seen how Paul has set his heart on the resurrection idea, he hates to do it; he does not do it; he simply disappears, leaving Paul uncontradicted to preach his colossal error throughout the earth—"because," as one admiring reviewer has put it, "because in his gentleness he cannot give so much pain"!

The sentimentality of this touches the cloudy borders of sublimity. The writer of this notice can think of but one passage in literature which equals it in its special quality. That is the passage in "Tristram Shandy" in which Uncle Toby picks up the fly which has tormented him cruelly all dinner-time: "I'll not hurt thee, says my Uncle Toby, rising from his chair, and going across the room with the fly in his hand—I'll not hurt a hair of thy head:—go—says he, lifting up the sash, and opening his hand as he spoke to let it escape;—go, poor devil, get thee gone, why should I hurt thee?—This world surely is wide enough to hold both thee and me." If Jesus were the sentimentalist that Mr. Moore depicts him, one could imagine him tossing his Irish "apologist" out the window with the remark that Uncle Toby addressed to the fly.

Well, our curiosity is satisfied: we have learned what George Moore has to say about Jesus. We shall let the defenders of religion denounce the book, if they please, as an "impudent and detestable profanation"; we shall let the defenders of literature denounce it, if they please, as a "licentious and igno-

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ble travesty." For ourselves, we shall only hint a doubt whether Mr. Moore, though he be the greatest master of English since Thackeray, writes well enough to say what he says in "The Brook Kerith."

CURRENT FICTION.

The Rising Tide. By Margaret Deland. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Mrs. Deland has been especially happy, hitherto, in the interpretation of what may be called cap and bonnet womanhood. There are resolute spirits among her Old Chester ladies, but they have their being in an atmosphere of ladyhood. They belong to an age in which one might consent to be a gentlewoman, or an accomplished female, but would not choose to be labelled with the harsh and slightly coarse word, woman. The passage of half a century has changed all that. Ladyhood has passed out, womanhood has boldly asserted itself, in its own character at first, and more recently as an estate which is just the same as manhood, only rather more so. But if Dr. Lavender had had the problems of feminism to deal with, among his other problems, he would have approached them, we may be sure, in much the spirit of good-humored inquiry which marks this narrative. "Fred" Payton is the New Girl who is stirring so many humdrum households in our time. She is full of faith in herself and in her sex, and bases that faith upon theoretical distrust of the other sex. She is a rebel and a dissenter. She hates shams, and has learned from Shaw and Nietzsche and other timely guides for children that pretty much everything that is old and established is a sham. She is sure that there ought to be a single code for men and women, and signalizes her conviction by aping the vices of men. With it all, she is ordinarily innocent enough and feminine enough, and, if she is lucky and the right opportunity comes, quite happily backslides into the debased and antiquated trade of wife and mother. Fred Payton is badly infected with the fashionable disease. Her mother is a fool and a reactionary, therefore Fred neglects and insults her. Women ought to be independent, economically and otherwise, therefore Fred must play at business, and subject herself to various social perils. She must make speeches, and march in parades, and smoke cigarettes, and flout men, and in all ways prove her superior wisdom and ability. Meanwhile her youth and sex are at work, and easily betray her into love for the good-looking, good-humored young fellow with whom she has been playing at friendship. She thinks he returns her feeling, but he is really attracted to a girl of the old-fashioned type, and Freddy has to pass through deep waters of humiliation. A better mate is awaiting her, in due time, and we leave her with confidence in her reasonably happy and useful future. Mrs. Deland treats all this as a serious problem of the day, recognizing that the tide of woman is rising, and must rise above the "ladylike" levels of the past. If her story shows the folly of current militant and aggressive methods, it does not deny the existence of a goal.

The Woman Gives. By Owen Johnson. New York: Boston: Little, Brown & Co.

The author of that flimsy and popular literary Broadway show, "The Salamander," could hardly be expected to stay his hand from further easy profits. The present story, boastfully "featured" in a malodorous monthly, has the same false glamour of white lights and nocturnal feasting, and sex experiment, and shoddy moralizing. Bachelors of both sexes disport themselves here, with pleasing freedom; and a sensational plot duly unfolds itself for the edification of that youth which owns the newsstand as its alma mater. Our heroine, to be sure, is at the other extreme from the leading lady of "The Salamander"—which might have been called "The Woman Who Takes." Inga is a sort of priestess of generosity, and sex is her temple. Artists, she perceives, are a weak lot, always falling beneath themselves, and taking to drink, or worse, on the apparent theory that this sort of thing represents a kind of getting-back-at whatever has baffled them. It is for Inga to rescue and uplift them by the temporary gift of herself. Here in the foreground is a gentleman known as Dangerfield, who is in a very bad way indeed. He is a great genius, but he has married a bad woman, and he feels it necessary to be extremely drunken and disorderly, by way of giving fate what-for. Inga takes him in hand, though he doesn't care to be taken in hand, and has him on his feet in no time. That is to say, she has to fetch him out of the gutter more than once, but he presently stays out because he loves her so—and asks her to marry him. She does not care for marriage, since she thinks of herself as only the doctor, and knows this patient will not need her always, while some other is sure to. She loves Dangerfield, but loves her duty more. So she marries him, with the proviso that she may leave him and follow her star, whenever she sees fit; and (here we observe the author's stern realism in action) she actually does that, as soon as Dangerfield has fulfilled himself, and another derelict has appeared, signalling, in the offing. We recall no recent popular tract masking a plea for sexual freedom under "the higher morality" to match with this.

A Sentimental Dragon. By Nina Larrey Duryea. New York: George H. Doran Co. $1.25 net.

Down the steps of his cousin's house in the Faubourg St. Honoré ran Jehan de Reizet, plump into the arms of adventure in discreet black with white cotton hosiery. But this adventure led him, alas! to the house of his sworn foes, the rich Americans who lived next door to his own *hôtel* and insisted on trying to buy his garden to play in. But, of course, Jehan had a brother in Eton collars who did not share the family prejudice against rich Americans; and Sylvia, the daughter of "The Idea," was exactly the sort of American girl who bears that kind of a name in this kind of a story. Moreover, Madame Petan, the discreet and sentimental dragon in black, mixed up the two brothers in her zeal to prevent the joint plans of Mrs. Bradish and the Duc de Petrinac from maturing in the lifelong unhappiness of Sylvia. So that with the help of a flood in Paris and an international spy and a pearl necklace and a French château and a great deal of true love, this perfectly absurd story manages to keep the reader turning its pages, in spite of a naïve and woful waste of words and such verbal eccentricities as "the unknown quantity is always to be suspicioned."

THE NATURE OF SOVEREIGNTY.

Americanism. What It Is. By David Jayne Hill. New York: D. Appleton & Co. $1.25 net.

Mr. Hill's book falls into two parts, the first of which deals most directly with the question suggested by the title. The distinguishing characteristic of American government, as Mr. Hill sees it, is the recognition of certain fundamental rights, the familiar "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," which inhere in the individual, and which government may not rightfully infringe. These rights are not derived from the state, but embody, rather, ethical principles fundamental to organized human relationships in a democracy; and the recognition of them, whether by the Federal Constitution or by the Constitutions of the States, implies an irrevocable limitation of governmental power which the people have voluntarily imposed upon themselves. This conception of a self-limited democracy Mr. Hill contrasts with Imperialism, which he represents as the uncontrolled right of a monarch to enforce his will, and with the theory of the uncontrolled right of "the people" to have their way. It is in the growth of this theory of popular omnipotence, an imperialism of the many rather than of one, that he sees grave peril for American constitutional democracy.

There is no more knotty question of political science than this of the nature and limitations of sovereignty; but while we sympathize fully with Mr. Hill in his keen and vigorous criticism of current political tendencies, we cannot think that his analysis quite reaches the heart of the matter. It is clear, for example, that the fundamental individual rights of which he speaks are not derived from the state; for, if they are, the state may limit them or take them away. But whence are they derived? Precisely what is that "nature of things" from which spring rights with which a constitutional government may not justly interfere? Exactly what is the source or sanction of the social ethics to which government must give heed? Moreover, granting that an American Constitution implies a relinquishment of power on the part of the people, is such relinquishment irrevocable? It is a familiar

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maxim of constitutional law that a Legislature cannot bind its successors; can the people of one age bind the people of another? These are fundamental questions of practical politics as well as of social philosophy, and their answer is not rendered any easier by the fact that they involve the feelings, prejudices, and ambitions of men as well as their reasoned political convictions. Unless, however, we are to take refuge in the theory of a divine order, independent of temporary human will or desire, to the realization of which society is always tending, and to which governments and individuals must alike conform, we cannot think that the preservation of individual rights is to be greatly furthered by assuming that a people may not, if they choose, relieve themselves from restrictions which they have voluntarily assumed, or by positing the existence of invincible personal ethics beyond the reach of social sanction.

Whether, as Mr. Hill appears to hold, the principles of social morality are at one with those of personal morality, is, like the nature of sovereignty, a vexed question. The whole history of democracy, however, is one of limitation of individual freedom, of prohibition to-day of things sanctioned or tolerated yesterday, of progressive merging of the individual in the larger life of the community. The only restraints which a constitutional democracy, or, for that matter, any other enlightened type of state, ever permanently recognizes are the hard teachings of experience; the only rights which it permanently safeguards are those which remain indispensable whatever the other social changes. The ultimate sanction for social morality, in other words, is history. Safety in a democracy, accordingly, lies, not in constitutional formulæ, or in unalterable abnegations, or in upright judges, or in high-minded executives and legislators, but in the intellectual and moral education of the whole people, and the translation of knowledge into terms of active political interest. In this conclusion, if not in all the reasoning which leads up to it, we are glad to find ourselves in entire accord with Mr. Hill; but we wish that he had gone further, and had pointed out some practical steps by which people who feel that their constitutional rights are invaded may successfully defend themselves against the "new democracy" whose onward march he, in common with many other thoughtful Americans, views with misgiving and concern.

The second part of Mr. Hill's book is a vigorous plea for preparedness, diplomatic and economic as well as military and naval, as the only means by which American democratic ideals can be maintained. What Mr. Hill has to say at this point about the position of the United States has behind it the weight of his own successful diplomatic experience; and it is refreshing to have the argument presented without praise of militarism or of war, without array of statistics, and with no heated prophecy of evils to come. The most sincere opponent of national defence may well ponder what is here set down.

LAMARTINE THE STATESMAN.

Lamartine Orateur. By Louis Barthou. Paris: Hachette et Cie. 7 fr. 50.

M. Barthou was admirably qualified to undertake this penetrating study, since he combines much political experience with the resources of a cultivated pen. Twice Minister of Justice, Premier after the fall of his friend Briand (1913), he is perhaps best known as the leader under whom the three-year military law was passed. He has already written a volume on Mirabeau and a monograph on Lamartine's political creed.

The interest of the present study is that it poses a series of actual and crucial questions: Can the closet idealist become a practical statesman? Does poetic vision help or hinder the orator? Will a deep faith in democracy be justified by works?

The reader may approach these questions with a slight bias, influenced by that "prévention de poésie," the belief that the poet should stick to his metres, against which the mature Lamartine so long struggled. It was a change of base, approved, however, by certain far-sighted contemporaries—Victor Hugo, Thiers, Royer-Collard; by such recent critics as Doumic and Deschanel; finally, by M. Barthou himself.

In his survey of Lamartine's oratorical and political evolution, the author, dealing first with the "years of formation," stresses their conservative legitimist tendencies. The young poet was thus disposed by parental influence and by the circumambient glow of Chateaubriand's Catholic and monarchical movement. Lamartine's early hatred of Napoleon continues; but soon the idealist changes his trust in a sort of Providential force to a belief in reasoned *action*. Even before the twenties, as M. Lanson has shown, Lamartine was more a man of action than anything else. (He defines eloquence as "l'action parlée.") In the storm and indecision of the transition years, he bides his time, serving as diplomat abroad, accepting with reservation the Revolution of 1830. Elected to the Chamber under the Government of July, he long maintains, "au plafond," a position of independence and even of isolation, where watchfully he waits.

M. Barthou emphasizes the importance of Lamartine's manifesto, "La Politique rationnelle" (1831). To the principles here enounced he remains faithful to the end, becoming only more liberal and revolutionary as the years pass. "La pensée sociale," consideration of social rather than merely political questions, is already seen as his point of departure. Liberty is his goal. He accepts a constitutional monarchy only on condition that it extend liberty in every direction: freedom of the press, of education, separation of church and state. He declares for decentralization of political powers and for a suffrage practically universal, though with qualifications and degrees.

This enlightened programme was sustained by his oratory and, ten years later, was developed and based in a hitherto unpublished speech to his electors of Mâcon. The basis now is frankly the Revolution of 1789. As a youth, Lamartine had distinguished between the "Révolution-action" and the "Révolution-principe." In 1840, he viewed the latter as emphatically the source of modern liberty and light—an attitude sustained in the "Histoire des Girondins." He was even capable of pleading for humanity first—then France. Humanitarianism—Reason—Progress: these are the watchwords transferred from the eighteenth century. Across the generations, the First Republic transmits the torch to the Second, while, beyond the Empire, looms the Third. France to-day owes much to the rare energy and devotion of the men of '48, among whom Lamartine was indubitably chief.

His splendid emergence during that year was not so comet-like as generally supposed. For eighteen years he had been preparing himself by the study of affairs and by the careful development of his oratorical gifts. We see him expounding matters so diverse as railways and the classics, the socialistic "law of labor" and the Oriental question. We follow, in M. Barthou's abundant quotations and *résumés*, the great speeches on electoral reform, on transferring Napoleon's ashes, the fiery speeches of the "dictatorship" in 1848, when four times Lamartine saved public order by the power of the word. We observe the transition in his oratory from carefully written rhetoric to spontaneous improvisation, founded on manifest knowledge and sympathy, always compelling admiration and frequently votes.

His relations with the leaders of his time —Berryer, Guizot, Thiers—are duly exposed. Lamartine differs from the spirit of the bourgeois monarchy by his consistent faith in the people, and his desire to "organize democracy" carries him into the opposition and at last into revolution. He was too much of a poet, too little of a self-seeker, to become a party whip. Maintaining his independent position, he used every opportunity to practice his oratorical gymnastics. As a *vates*, he revealed often, almost uncannily, the spirit of prophecy: in 1840, he warned the populace against another Bonaparte; he predicted the Commune, in connection with the Paris fortifications; very early he was persuaded that his hand would guide the ship through the seas of revolution; and, in advocating the severance of church and state, he pleaded for the right of religious association. A dozen examples of such foresight point less to coincidence than to a true "doctrine d'avenir," founded on history and observation. Memorable also are many of his phrases: "la France s'ennuie," the "révolution du mépris," the proposed epitaph, "A Napoléon—seul."

His vivid personality, his physical magnetism and poetic spirit, doubtless stirred the crowd when, at the height of the tempest, he would "leap from horseback to the tribune," confronting shots, converting multitudes. So much for his—and their—national dramatic sense. But to win over hard-headed politicians and such jealous critics as Sainte-Beuve, it is evident that more was needed. M.

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Barthou proves that Lamartine had the rest: the assiduity to penetrate special problems, the ability to expound them, the self-abstraction needed to bring himself to a higher power.

He was too great a man to be confined to one province—that is the conclusion and the answer to the "prévention de poésie." Struggling away from lyricism (which he came to disdain), he yet sufficiently kept the impress of the outworn shell, in the use of vibrant images or of an occasionally rhetorical and "fluid oratory." His "swan-like" nature and some rose-color persist. But that is not the rule. The rule is an impassioned logic, a steady growth in vigor and argumentation. Reason and fact come to be more and more his guides—witness M. Barthou's samples of the stout scaffoldings which underlie Lamartine's speeches. His oratory, indeed, is less "fluid" than his other prose. His gifts of imagination, memory, harmony, his very lack of invective and wit, show his thought as based on the solid Verities. He should be read and pondered by those who still think that the idealist is misplaced in government. The fact is that any democracy, were it left thus rudderless, would be misplaced upon this earth.

Notes

"A Book of Operas" and "A Second Book of Operas," by Henry Edward Krehbiel, are announced as forthcoming by the Macmillan Company.

"The Possible Peace," by Roland Hugins, is announced for immediate publication by the Century Company.

E. P. Dutton & Co. publish this week "El Supremo," by Edward Lucas White; "The Taming of Calinga," by C. L. Carlsen, and "The Whirlpool," by Victoria Morton.

Small, Maynard & Co. will publish on October 25 "The Stranger at the Hearth," by Katharine Metcalf Roof, and "Told in a French Garden, August, 1914," by the author of "A Hilltop on the Marne."

Houghton Mifflin Company announces the publication of the following: "The Romance of a Christmas Card," by Kate Douglas Wiggin; "Ambulance Number 10," by Leslie Buswell; "The Cave Twins," by Lucy Fitch Perkins; "The Glory of Toil," by Edna Deane Proctor, and "Portraits of Women," by Gamaliel Bradford.

Volumes just published by Henry Holt & Co. include: "Our Naptupski Neighbors," by Edith Miniter; "Henry James," by Rebecca West (in the Writers of the Day series); "Guide of New York City," edited by Fremont Rider, and "The Forest Princess and Other Masques," by Constance D'Arcy Mackay.

Dodd, Mead & Co. have announced the following: "The Life of the Caterpillar," by J. Henri Fabre; "The Empress Eugénie and Her Son," by Edward Legge; "The Last Days of Archduke Rudolph," by Hamil Grant; "'A. E.' (George W. Russell)," by Darrell Figgis; "Sir Edward Carson," by St. John G. Ervine; "The Short Cut," by Jackson Gregory; "Sport, Travel, and Adventure," by A. G. Lewis; "The Maid Marvellous: Jeanne d'Arc," by Magdalene Horsfall; "Animal Drawing Book," by Mabel L. Frank, and "Nutcracker and Mouse-King" and "Little Dwarf Nose and Magic Whistle," by E. Gordon Browne.

The late Adolf F. Bandelier's "The Delight Makers," published in 1890, will be republished shortly by Dodd, Mead & Co. with the addition of several photographic plates. It will be recalled that Bandelier (who was a frequent contributor to the *Nation*, on the subject of Southwestern archæology) announced as his object in writing this book that he "was prompted to perform the work by a conviction that however scientific works may tell the truth about the Indian, they exercise always a limited influence upon the general public; and to that public . . . the Indian has remained as good as unknown." "The Delight Makers," written in the form of a novel, portrays the life of the Tewa and Queres tribes of the Pueblo Indians of New Mexico in prehistoric times.

When one reads, in the introductory chapter of John P. Hill's "The Federal Executive" (Houghton Mifflin Co.; $2 net), such suggestive if not convincing statements as that the President has become "the one man in the nation primarily responsible to the people for the enactment into laws of their will," and that while Congress "theoretically makes the laws," it "more and more, in these days of the political leadership of the President . . . merely enacts into law the principles that the majority party has declared in its platform," one naturally anticipates that the author is about to give us, what is greatly to be desired, a broad discussion of the place of the Presidency in the American constitutional and political system. The book turns out to be, however, a detailed and rather dry account of the development and present duties of the various executive departments, based largely upon statutes and official reports, and accompanied by statistics showing the extent of the interests with which the several departments, bureaus, and commissions are charged. Incidentally, the author finds opportunity to say a good word for preparedness, and to urge the establishment of a Government school of administration and public service. No one will dispute Mr. Hill's conclusion that a reorganization and redistribution of executive functions is desirable in the interest of efficiency; and his suggestion of new Cabinet departments of education, transportation, and interstate trade is in accord with recent developments of executive operations. It is hardly correct to say (p. 43) that the Cabinet, as distinct from the individual secretaries who compose it, "plays a part in the national affairs that is ever assuming more importance"; and there are no "records of its meetings," as another clause of the same passage seems to imply. A curious omission, in the account of the Treasury Department, of the interesting provision of the act of 1789 creating the Department, which requires the Secretary to report, "in person or in writing," to either house of Congress on any matter referred to him or relating to his Department, makes it necessary to modify some of Mr. Hill's observations on the relation of the Executive to Congress; and there are certainly many who will not agree that the Post Office is "a thoroughly up-to-date business institution" (p. 193). The classification of Madison, Monroe, and John Quincy Adams as Federalist Presidents is, of course, erroneous, if affiliation with the party of that name is implied.

"The War for the World," of which Israel Zangwill writes (Macmillan; $1.50), is not the war of the Allies against the Central Powers. It is the war of reason and civilization and morality against the spirit of force which indeed is well symbolized by "Prussianism," but which is to be met with the world over. The book contains nearly fifty papers of varying length, together with a few poems, on various aspects of the War for the World. The longest and most important section is the Preface, which is chiefly "an apologia for not being pro-German." By a Pro-German Mr. Zangwill means one who has surrendered to German ideals and German methods. Measured by this standard, a large portion of the British public—and all of the British Government—is, in the author's opinion, unmistakably pro-German. "Under the plea *Salus reipublicæ suprema lex*, even Habeas Corpus is gone—for a British-born subject may be imprisoned without reason given or without trial. We have lived to see military and industrial conscription accompanied by 'a petty Prussianism' which has disgusted even conscript organs, secret trials before illegally minded officials, executions of unnamed persons for unknown offences, internment of thousands of able-bodied aliens, winding up of enemy companies, and ruthless sentences for purely technical offences pronounced by panic-stricken magistrates." Nor is it the warring nations alone that Mr. Zangwill finds pro-German in spirit. "Under the slogan of 'Preparedness' America is now seething with incipient Prussianism, and announcing with the first fine careless rapture of discovery that to 'ensure peace you must prepare for war!' Poor simple souls! So this fallacy, like the confidence trick, is perennial, needing only a constant renewal of fools."

The same point of view is presented in several of the papers which follow the Preface. In "The War Devil" (first published in April, 1913) the author points out the folly of trusting to armaments for peace—"the larger her Dreadnoughts, the greater her dread." Nor is arbitration more than a makeshift and palliative; for it "supposes a closed world, a fixed world, the life-flood frozen suddenly when the first Hague Conference was founded." Only reason and love can bring peace; and "between love and the sword there is no third way." And the love and reason which are to prevent war, as Mr. Zangwill points out in "The Military Pacifists," must be supplied afresh with each new generation. Nothing that we can do, either by making arbitration treaties or by winning victories, can bring about a "permanent peace." The notion of ending war by the sword is as chimerical as the notion of ending beards by the razor.

"The War for the World" is not confined to issues relating to War and Peace. The Congo question is dealt with, and Woman Suffrage; and finally—in some of the most interesting papers in the whole collection—the present status of the Jews and their relation

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to Russia. In "Rosy Russia" Mr. Zangwill uses all his power of satire to describe the astounding revolution of Russia, in English eyes, from the type of all that was bad to the paragon of sweet simplicity and mystical insight. "These processions marching over the great white spaces—they are not convicts, but pilgrims following the gleam. These moujiks rolling in the mud—they are not drunk, they never were drunk, even when vodka was their staff of life; they are mystics meditating on the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of the Czar."—So far, in fact, has the love of Russia gone that the Russian Jew has become in many English eyes no longer an object of sympathy, but an evil influence. And so the heartless persecutions of the Jew which have been continued all through this war—in which 350,000 Jews are fighting for Russia—have met but indifference in the Prussianized portion of the British public. Hundreds of Russian Jews "have been imprisoned as hostages, shot, knouted, hanged, buried alive; women have been outraged, whole populations have fled, some before the enemy, many hounded out by their own military authorities, wandering—but not into the wide world. Into the towns outside the Pale they might not escape—these were not open even to the wounded soldier. In the long history of the martyr-people there is no ghastlier chapter. But while Poland and Belgium are crowned with their sorrows and cheered by the hope of re-birth, while the agony of Belgium has become an immortal heroic memory, the agony of Israel is obscure and unknown, unlightened by sympathy, unredeemed by any national prospect, happy if it only escapes mockery."

In spite of the hardships of war, the *Monthly Review* (*Rivista Mensile*) of the "Touring Club Italiano" shows that this great tourist organization is maintaining itself at a high level of efficiency. Statistics given in the August number of the *Review* show a total membership of 156,948, of whom over nine thousand are life members. As compared with figures given six months ago, this indicates only a trifling loss in the enormous annual membership and an actual gain of over one thousand in life members. The preparation of the Club's "Guida d'Italia" is going right along, on the same scale as the fine volume on Piemonte, Lombardia, and Canton Ticino, which came from the press last year. This itself has been republished, for greater convenience, in a two-volume edition, with considerable improvement. L. V. Bertarelli, the editor of the Guide, contributes to the *Review* some interesting experiences encountered while touring Sicily in preparation for the volume on Sicily and Sardinia. Except in the few large cities he finds the hotel accommodations almost wholly bad. Like the Princess Wolkonski, whose "Impressions de Sicile" were reviewed in these columns, he was sometimes obliged, by the character of the beds, to sleep in his clothes. The food was bad and the toilet arrangements indescribably unsanitary and offensive, or simply non-existent. A rather disquieting feature for the automobilist is the almost irresistible tendency of the Sicilian small boy to launch a stone at any automobile that passes him. The efforts of the Touring Club Italiano, however, are destined rapidly to improve such conditions, and the organization well deserves the support it is receiving. The annual fee for membership is less than two dollars (8.05 lire outside of Italy), and the *Rivista Mensile* itself is well worth that, to say nothing of the "Guida d'Italia," the volumes of which are distributed gratis to members. The Club has its headquarters in Milan.

We must not take Gen. Maxwell Van Zandt Woodhull's "West Point in Our Next War" (Putnam; $1.25 net) too seriously, because, as he himself tells us in his preface, he is merely giving his own views and opinions on military subjects, and in our free country any man has a right to say what he thinks. Some of Gen. Woodhull's dicta commend themselves, but his work as a whole will merely raise a smile. For example, the Panama Canal is "not an influence for peace," but "an inducement to war"; this is probably true, but what is the author's conclusion? That we sell the Philippine Islands to Germany, stipulating that Germany shall guarantee "in perpetuity the possession of the Panama Canal to the United States." He easily recommends changes in West Point that would rip up that famous school from sole to crown; he may be right, but the country, before agreeing with him, will call upon him to substitute working plans for generalities. One detail he does give us: there should be a course in aviation for all cadets; this is excellent, and what is more, easy, since apparently all that is needed is that "cadets should be required to make two or three ascensions a year, and to prepare and submit reports of their observations while in the air as a part of their study of reconnoitring." The reform of West Point includes such matters as the proper organization of the machine-gun service, the "curse" of detached service, and a panegyric of Gen. John A. Logan. His recommendations in respect of the "active" army have the merit of originality; to consist ultimately of 200,000 men, it should be organized and borne on the rolls as cavalry and artillery, that is to say, "a certain number of regiments [are] always to serve as infantry in time of peace, but each regiment of the army to take in turn its tour of service and training as cavalry or as artillery." The remainder of the army (infantry) is to be raised, like his cavalry and artillery, by conscription, and is to constitute the reserve army. Of the sincerity of the author, the violence of his opinions and the energy with which he presses them leave no reasonable doubt. No more can we doubt the excellence of his motives. He is really convinced that he is right, and that everybody else is wrong, and has had the courage to proceed under this conviction; if we may paraphrase the poet, the "force of opinion could no further go."

The motives which actuate an individual are usually complex. Those which actuate a government directed by a group of individuals are still more complex. It is not unnatural, therefore, that scholars, Fourth of July orators, and publicists have long alleged very differing motives for the assistance which France gave us during the Revolution. Vergennes's benevolence towards us has been exaggerated for several reasons: our former antipathy to Britain, the memory of the noble unselfishness of Lafayette and his companions, which has been carelessly assumed as more or less characteristic of the whole French Government, and the unquestioned fact that the French assistance was a great, probably a decisive, factor in the establishment of our independence. Prof. J. R. Seeley, on the other hand, in his much-read presentation of the French intervention as merely an episode in the British-French struggle for colonial dominion, made it appear that Vergennes acted not because he loved America or because he gave way to what George Bancroft called the French "movement of intellectual freedom," but because he hated England; revenge for France's loss of Canada was to be sought in making England lose her thirteen colonies. During the past twenty years, however, with the publication of Doniol's monumental collection of documents relating to the participation of France in the establishment of American independence, it has become possible to appreciate more precisely the motives which actuated Vergennes and the French Government. But with even this rich material at their disposal scholars are still in disagreement. Professor Van Tyne, in a recent number of the *American Historical Review*, tries to show that the effective motive of the French alliance was the terrible bogey in Vergennes's mind that England and the colonies might compromise their quarrel and then pounce in a joint Anglo-American attack upon the French and Spanish West Indian possessions. There is no doubt that this fear was present to Vergennes, but it was not so decisive as Professor Van Tyne argues. In fact, it did not seriously disturb Vergennes himself, but was shrewdly used by him to scare the timid and hesitating Louis XVI into adopting the policy of an American alliance which Vergennes favored on other grounds.

Prof. Edward S. Corwin's able and interesting thesis ("French Policy and the American Alliance of 1778"; Princeton University Press; $2 net) is that the leading motive with Vergennes himself was neither the fear of an Anglo-American coalition attack in the Caribbean nor mere desire for revenge, but an ardent ambition to restore to France the prestige which she had lost during the reign of Louis XV. As a confirmed adherent of the old system of the Balance of Power, which had been seriously upset by French defeats and territorial losses in the Seven Years' War and by the partitions of Poland and Turkey, Vergennes desired to assert for Louis XVI a place in the world like that enjoyed by Louis XIV. He wished to upset the *status quo* of 1776, which was unfavorable for France, to become again the arbiter of Europe, and to recover for France the unquestioned preeminence of former days. In so far, therefore, though he did not aim at territorial aggrandizement for France, his policy was one of aggression rather than of defence. Professor Corwin has analyzed this complex question with much clearness and nicety, and made a valuable and very readable contribution to the history of our first and only entangling alliance with a European Power. The scope of his volume is somewhat wider than the title would suggest. He includes a careful study of the Franco-Spanish treaty of 1779 and of the consequent embarrassment into which Vergennes fell because of his devious diplomacy and his conflicting obligations to his Spanish and American allies. He explains also how it was that the Continental Congress took the extraordinary step of virtually entrusting its peace negotiations with England to the double-dealing Vergennes; and

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finally how the American peace commissioners, moved by Jay's suspicions, disregarded their instructions and by separate negotiations obtained from England the favorable terms of the Peace of 1783.

Theodore Schroeder, secretary of the Free Speech League, has brought out an enlarged edition of his "Free Speech for Radicals" (Riverside, Conn.: Hillacre Bookhouse; $1.50). The chief enlargements comprise a chapter on methods of constitutional construction, an extended account of the San Diego imbroglio, and a short extract on industrial unrest and free speech from the final report of the Federal Commission on Industrial Relations. The chapter on methods of constitutional construction is an ingenious application, to the particular question of the extent of the constitutional guarantee of free speech, of what the author calls the synthetic method; a method, that is, which assumes that each limitation or guarantee of a right is a part of the general idea of that right as set forth in the Constitution, which generalization is to be applied deductively to concrete cases as they arise. Mr. Schroeder's use of the method leads, as might be anticipated, to quite different conclusions from those usually arrived at by the courts.

Drama

"LE POILU."

The French have adapted even musical comedy to suit their particular temperament. In "Le Poilu," which came to the Garrick Theatre last week, the drama is merely interspersed with songs, yet the latter succeed in giving a lyric flavor to the entire production. The main situation is the simplest: A French soldier in the present war has fallen in love with his godmother, a sweet girl of eighteen, who, following a custom much in vogue, has chosen him as the recipient of her daily letters. He obtains leave of absence in order to visit her. But her grandmother, cleverly played by Mlle. Jeanne Maubourg, is scandalized that the affair has proceeded so far, and decides to receive the soldier as if she herself were the godmother. The dialogue in this scene sparkles with the polite pretence which the French know so well how to contrive. The Poilu, mildly amused by his elderly hostess, meets the situation with finesse, and with only a few lapses of absentmindedness. But when the young girl, disguising herself as the maid, brings in the tea service, the soldier's thoughts are distracted from his hostess beyond recall. Of course, the two manage to be alone together long enough to confess their love and to arrange for other meetings. Later they are married by proxy and the girl follows her husband to the front. From this point the comedy becomes farcical, owing to the need of concealing the facts. A village courier, the "proxy," and the colonel himself become enamoured of her, much to the distress of the Poilu. In the end the truth is revealed, and the colonel, to discipline the young man for allowing his lady, contrary to all orders, to join him at the front, imposes a sentence which pleases the lovers best of all and which accords well with the spirit of French farce. The part of the girl was daintily played by Mlle. Madeleine d'Espinoy and André Bellon attended well to the lines of the Poilu.

The singing of the Marseillaise and of other patriotic French songs was entirely in keeping with the spirit of the play. Not so much can be said for the epilogue of eccentric dancing and imitations given by an "American dancer." As such, Miss Lucille Kent showed no little cleverness, but this feature, manifestly a sop to the American audience, was out of place.

In "Wreckage" (Dodd, Mead; $1 net), the well-known dramatist, J. Hartley Manners, has evidently been inspired by the example of Brieux. It is a thesis play, akin in its general character to "Damaged Goods" (Les Avariés); it is not nearly so well made, and deals with the evils of the drug habit. In some respects it is more valuable because it is more informing. The facts of his subject, which are of the gravest social importance, are not of common knowledge, and can be discussed in detail without any shock to convention, and without much danger of provoking ignorant or mischievous curiosity. Whether the theatre is the most effective forum for the discussion of physiological topics of this kind may be doubted, but a play that could so deeply stir public interest in the ravages wrought by the abuse of the hypodermic needle, as to provoke a general demand for its suppression, would find its ample justification. Such a piece, however, would have to carry with it the conviction of expert knowledge, scientific accuracy, and utter sincerity of philanthropic purpose. Mr. Manners's play, notwithstanding the prefatory certificate given to it by Charles B. Towns, does not wholly fulfil these conditions. In its way, although it is heavily overladen with expository and argumentative harangues, it is a strong and interesting work, with several good dramatic situations; but the essentially theatrical form of the story, with its convenient coincidences, frequent irrelevances, special pleadings, sweeping generalizations, and happy ending, is more suggestive of the practiced playwright than of the precise scientist. Like many other writers for the theatre, he exhibits a tendency to lay too much stress upon particular instances in support of broad deductions. His hero is an eager young specialist, animated by the purest altruistic motives, who has devoted his life to the study of "dope" fiends and their pathological history. His experience has convinced him that the majority of his patients were, in the first instance, innocent victims of malpractice on the part of incompetent physicians and nurses, which originated the cravings of which they were to become the doomed slaves. Thereafter he becomes an ardent advocate of legislation that shall enforce a rigid control of the distribution and use of narcotic and stimulative drugs. Working along his own theories, which do not seem peculiarly original, he effects remarkable cures. Finally chance brings to him the worst imaginable specimen of human drug wreckage, who turns out to be his father, once a great lawyer, whom he had always supposed to be dead. Him, too, after ceaseless care and patience, he restores to perfect health, sanity, self-respect, and renewed capacity, thereby ending all the complications of the play, and securing his own triumph, fame, and happiness. Here the instincts of the popular dramatist appear to have prevailed over the zeal of the propagandist. It is plain that the case against the morphine or heroin habit—in itself already complete and unanswerable—is not strengthened by the cure of a man who is offered as the most horrible example of its deadly effects. The play, of course, to drive its argument home, ought to have ended tragically. But, even so, the effect of it would be weakened by the large amount of highly disputatious matter which is introduced. In so far as it exposes and assails a notorious and frightful social evil, it is entitled to respect as a serious drama, but it is lacking in sobriety, reflection, and solidity. It suggests the plea of an adroit counsel, crammed by a special solicitor, rather than of a reformer sure of all his details. J. R. T.

Finance

SPECULATION, WAR, AND PROSPERITY

When the recent speculative craze on the Stock Exchange was at its height, it was discountenanced and opposed by the experienced capitalists of Wall Street. Their ground of opposition was two-fold. First, the real peril of the present great prosperity in this country—a peril which has existed from the start—was that prices of goods and securities might be raised by excited speculators, on the basis of borrowed money, to heights which would "discount" their perpetual continuance, leaving the whole financial situation exposed to the uncertainties which the end of the war would bring. But it was also criticised on the ground that the speculators were ignoring wholly the possibility of accidents in the nearer future.

Two weeks ago a very prominent and successful Wall Street operator said to his friends that the stock speculation was soundly based; that its violence measured the extraordinary character of the financial situation; that nothing was in sight to prevent its continuance, and that he himself had withdrawn entirely from the market, since he knew from experience that precisely such a condition of affairs meant that something wholly unexpected was about to happen, with a resultant collapse of the prices. His conclusion embodied the verdict of experience; it was quickly justified by events.

Occurrences which upset such excited speculations come as a rule from wholly unexpected quarters. One basis for the recent cocksureness of the market was its absolute conviction that no move for peace was possible. The first thing that happened was the positive assurance, from high banking quarters, that exactly such a move was on the boards. When Wall Street had adjusted itself to the natural mood of skepticism regarding that announcement, the German navy took a hand, and once more, as on so many previous occasions, created an awkward and perilous diplomatic situation. It was as if malignant chance were determined to upset the speculative arguments which had been classed as incontestable.

It was highly characteristic of the mental condition which exists in days of speculative extravagance that the market should have been so powerfully affected by apprehensions which were not fulfilled. Wall Street had very quickly adopted the reason-

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able conclusion that somebody was badly deceived by a Berlin canard regarding the Kaiser's plan for mediation. Further particulars regarding the submarine exploits had shown that what was done came within the limits, however narrowly, of the German Government's pledges of last May. But all this did not alter the further fact that the very considerations which jubilant Wall Street had declared were not among the possibilities had become the talk of the day. Yet the stock market continued to decline. Its action undoubtedly reflected, not a change in the situation, but the shattering of illusions.

Review of last week's occurrences, in the light of common-sense rather than of Wall Street psychology, leaves the conviction in most minds that there is nothing to the talk of "mediation," and that Germany's submarine achievement represented an incident and not the beginning of an episode. That the incident was of a piece with previous stupidity of that Government, in its judgment of diplomatic situations, was evident on its face. What situation would arise, imagining a fleet of German submarines to blockade the foreign commerce of New York, so far as that trade is carried under the flags of the Allies, was doubtless another question.

It is natural that such a possibility, whether remote or not, should be kept in the back of the financial brain. In so far as this aspect of the situation should have checked the disposition to "discount" without reservation or allowance every favoring element in the American financial outlook, it is not without its value. There were more perils in the recent unbridled stock speculation than the danger of sudden decline in prices. By far the most mischievous aspect of it was the mood of reckless overconfidence which it was creating, at a moment when cool judgment of the economic future was the indispensable guarantee of financial safety.

Whether the same useful purpose will be served by the attack of political orators on Prosperity, during the remainder of the Presidential contest, is perhaps another matter. There seems to be no doubt that Prosperity, as a figure in the canvass, will have an unpleasant time of it. Prosperity has in fact already begun to get the same kind of treatment as was allotted to "free trade" and "sixteen-to-one silver" in previous electoral years. This is one of the oddities of a very odd campaign. It might not have seemed an easy task to inspire hatred of prosperity. Yet it is certainly true that one candidate is denouncing Prosperity itself as "bloody," and that another is explaining on the stump that adversity is in reality the more logical condition.

Probably the financial community makes due allowance for the requirements of politics, especially in view of that old political tradition as to advantages which a party in power at the moment may enjoy from actual good times. Just how the electorate will be impressed by arguments that it has no right to be prosperous and will presently cease being so, is a political rather than a financial question. But on the other hand, there certainly is some doubt about the longer future, and perhaps discussion of this sort may have an effect on the speculative mind which it could not have exerted with "Steel common" at 120⅝. If so, even politics may help to the very desirable spirit of financial conservatism. But that remains to be seen.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

FICTION.

Beach, R. Rainbow's End. Harper. $1.35 net.
Dawe, C. The Redemption of Grace Milroy. Lane. $1.25 net.
Dawson, C. Slaves of Freedom. Holt.
Diver, M. Desmond's Daughter. Putnam. $1.50 net.
Galsworthy, J. A Sheaf. Scribner. $1.50 net.
Grand, S. The Winged Victory. Appleton. $1.50 net.
Hammond, L. H. In the Garden of Delight. Crowell. $1 net.
Hannah, I. C. Quaker-born. G. A. Shaw. $1.35 net.
Hendryx, J. B. Connie Morgan in Alaska. Putnam. $1.25 net.
Hurst, F. Every South Hath Its Song. Harper. $1.30 net.
Ives, S. N. The Key to Betsy's Heart. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Kelly, E. M. Kildares of Storm. Century. $1.40 net.
Lägerlof, S. The Emperor of Portugallia. Translated by V. S. Howard. Doubleday, Page. $1.50 net.
London, J. The Turtles of Tasman. Macmillan. $1.25 net.
Powys, J. C. Rodmoor. G. A. Shaw. $1.50 net.
Richards, L. E. Elizabeth Fry. Appleton. $1.25 net.
Rowland, H. C. Filling His Own Shoes. Houghton Mifflin. $1.35 net.
Scott, L. Partners of the Night. Century. $1.35 net.
Showerman, G. A Country Chronicle. Century. $1.50 net.
White, S. E. The Leopard Woman. Doubleday, Page. $1.35 net.
Wild, I. House-Room. Lane. $1.25 net.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Aaronsohn, A. With the Turks in Palestine. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Adams, J. Q. The Birth of Mormonism. Badger. $1 net.
Boyd, E. A. Ireland's Literary Renaissance. Lane. $2.50 net.
Clifford, H. The Further Side of Silence. Doubleday, Page. $1.35 net.
Gordon, G. A. Aspects of the Infinite Mystery. Houghton Mifflin. $1.50 net.
Law, H. E. The Power of Mental Demand. San Francisco: Paul Elder. $1.25 net.
Lowell, A. L. Liberty and Discipline. A Talk to Freshmen. Yale University Press. 25 cents.
Marquis, Don. Hermione. Appleton. $1.25 net.
Rawlinson, H. G. Intercourse Between India and the Western World. Putnam. $2.25.
Sergeant, E. S. French Perspectives. Houghton Mifflin. $1.25 net.
Seven Maids of Far Cathay. Being English Notes from a Chinese Class Book. Compiled by Bing Ding. San Francisco: Paul Elder. $1.25 net.
Transactions and Proceedings of the American Philological Association, 1915. Vol. XLVI. Published for the Association by Ginn & Co.
University Debaters' Annual. 1915-16. Wilson Co. $1.30 net.
Utter, R. P. Every-Day Words and Their Uses. Harper. $1.25 net.
Van Loon, H. W. The Golden Book of the Dutch Navigators. Century. $2.50 net.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY.

Anesaki, M. Michiren: The Buddhist Prophet. Harvard University Press.
Freud, S. Wit and Its Relation to the Unconscious. Moffat, Yard. $2.50 net.
Jung, C. G. Analytical Psychology. Moffat, Yard. $3.50 net.
Lilley, J. S. Was the Resurrection a Fact? Badger. $1 net.
Melby, G. King Saint Olaf. Badger. $1 net.
Pratt, J. B. Democracy and Peace. Badger.

GOVERNMENT AND ECONOMICS.

Cassel, G. Germany's Economic Power of Resistance. New York: The Jackson Press.
Fullerton, W. M. Hesitations. Doubleday, Page. $1.25 net.
Hughes, T. J. State Socialism After the War. Philadelphia: Jacobs. $1.50 net.
Johnson, E. R. The Panama Canal and Commerce. Appleton. $2 net.
Judson, F. N. The Law of Interstate Commerce and Its Federal Regulation. Third edition. Chicago: Flood.
Noyes, A. D. Financial Chapters of the War. Scribner. $1.25 net.
Peabody, J. Railway Organization and Management. Chicago: La Salle Extension University.
Pease, E. R. The History of the Fabian Society. Dutton. $1.75 net.
Root, E. Addresses on Government and Citizenship. Harvard University Press.

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY.

Beck, J. M. The Case of Edith Cavell. Putnam.
Cunningham, W. English Influence on the United States. Putnam. $1.25 net.
Fiske, B. A. The Navy as a Fighting Machine. Scribner. $2 net.
Gallishaw, J. Trenching at Gallipoli. Century. $1.30 net.
Gilbert, H. The Story of the Indian Mutiny. Crowell.
Hobson, E. C. Recollections of a Happy Life. Putnam.
Kerrick, H. S. Military and Naval America. Doubleday, Page. $2 net.
Key, E. War, Peace, and the Future. Putnam. $1.50 net.
Meyer, E. England: Its Political Organization and Development and the War Against Germany. Boston: Ritter & Co. $1.50 net.
Namier, L. B. Germany and Eastern Europe. London: Duckworth.
Official Diplomatic Documents Relating to the Outbreak of the European War. Introduction, Daily Summaries, Cross-References and Footnotes by E. von Mach. Macmillan. $6 net.
Paxson, F. L. The Independence of the South American Republics. Second edition. Philadelphia: Ferris & Leach.
Proceedings of the American Antiquarian Society. Vol. XXVI. Part 1. 1916. Worcester, Mass.: Published by the Society.
Proceedings of the Massachusetts Historical Society. Vol. XLIX. Boston: Published by the Society.
Robertson, J. M. The Germans. Putnam.
Schinz, A. The Renewal of French Thought on the Eve of the War. Reprinted from the American Journal of Psychology.
Taylor, H. Cicero—A Sketch of His Life and Works. McClurg. $3.50 net.
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